

# The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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## THE MESSENGER.

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### Poetry.

#### NEWMARCK'S HYMN.—1653.

(2 KINGS XIX. 14.)

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide,  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days,  
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can those anxious cares avail,  
Those never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still  
And wait in cheerful hope content,  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love hath sent.  
Doubt not, our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best;  
He sends them as He sees it meet.  
When thou hast borne the fiery test  
And art made free from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,  
And that the man whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest is of Him preferred.  
Time passes and much change doth bring,  
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;  
'Tis easy to our God most high  
To make the rich man poor and base,  
To give the poor man wealth and joy.  
True wonders still by Him are wrought,  
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully;  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
God never yet forsook in need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

### Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

#### INFANT BAPTISM.

We hold with all orthodox Churches, that man is "conceived and born in sin;" "that which is born of the flesh, is flesh." Infants therefore come into the world in a state of sin and corruption. That is, they are in a state of death; which means, that the bond of vital union which creatively bound man to God, was by the fall broken, and left man separated from God, that is dead. Salvation consists in the deliverance of man from sin, and his vital reunion with God. When, therefore, the Saviour said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," He included every son and daughter of Adam, infant as well as adult. We are accustomed to speak of the innocence of childhood and infancy, but we must not delude ourselves with any other belief than that they are by nature sinful, corrupt, depraved.

Now Christ came to take away the sin of the world, and to restore man to his lost relations to God. How the adult man is made to be partaker of this grace, is very clearly defined in the word of God. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and

thou shalt be saved." But the word of inspiration with unflinching consistency, connects baptism with this faith; the latter, the condition precedent of the former. Why is this? Because faith and its consequent repentance, are the inward preparation of the soul for that which baptism has to communicate, which is namely, the divine-human life of Christ. Baptism is the ministry of initiation by the Holy Ghost, into the body of Christ, which is the Church. It is the ingrafting of man into Christ, so as to partake of His life. So that, as by nature, we partake of the sinful life of the first Adam, so by the grace of the Holy Ghost, we partake of the life of the second Adam.

But how now in the case of the infant? Is there any provision for its actual participation in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, prior to its attaining adult years? Or must it spend all these years in the outer court of preparation? If so, then does "grace abound," from the attainment of adult years onward, while sin abounds from conception and birth. So that, contrary to the word of God, sin superabounds over grace. But did not Christ come to take away the sin of the world? And is not the original sin of the infant comprehended in the sin of the world? Is it possible that the redemption of our Lord Jesus Christ is not as broad as the ruin of the fall? God forbid.

But is it objected, "the promise is to you and your children?" With thankful heart we say, truth. But what is the promise to the parent? "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The promise to the parent rests on the condition of his faith, and in virtue of this promise, he is entitled to be initiated by baptism into the body of Christ, and thus be made to partake of His life,—the grace of eternal life. But the child is included in this same promise, based upon the same condition, namely, the parent's faith, and is consequently entitled to the same privilege of baptism, that it may be endowed with the same blessing. Sin does not superabound over grace, but, according to Scripture, "Where sin did abound, there does grace much more abound." Hence was it, that when Stephanus and Lydia, and the jailer believed, that the promise was to them and their households, and they all alike were baptized.

We are well aware that the baptistic view denies that the promise, as it extends over to the child, is so based upon the parent's faith as to entitle it to the seal of the promise, which is baptism. What then is the force of the promise? To what does it entitle the child? If it must wait until it believes in adult years, for itself, in what respect is it benefited by the specific promise; for the general promise, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, is made to all without reference to the spiritual estate of their parents, whether heathen or Christian? We ask again, of what value is the promise, "to you and your children?" No Christian dare say it is empty and void. God's "promises are yea and amen."

But who is not familiar with the dictum, that baptism can in no case be rightfully administered, except on condition of the personal faith of the recipient? Professedly based upon the Scripture, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." From this it is argued, that inasmuch as faith is an impossibility in case of the infant, it may not be baptized. This argument has disturbed the mind of many an earnest Christian, and staggered, if it did not overthrow them in their faith in the divine ordination of infant baptism. At first sight it might seem to be conclusive, but notwithstanding this, it is surprising that any man of intelligence should once name it, so as to commit himself to it. It will be found upon examination, to be one of those arguments which prove too much, and hence, according to the laws of logic, proves nothing at all.

We quote the entire verse, St. Mark 16: 16, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." According to the argument just referred to, belief is the indispensable condition of baptism, and this is applied to the case of infants. Now let us apply the same mode of argumentation, with the same application to the infant, to

the latter clause of the passage. Here, not believing, incurs the inevitable penalty of damnation. How many are there who die in infancy, who cannot in any possibility believe, in the sense in which that word is taken by this argument. The conclusion must then follow that all such are damned. Now we venture the assertion, that very few, if any, of those who use this argument, are prepared to accept this last conclusion. But it is inevitable if they accept the first. No, the argument proves more than they bargained for, and is totally worthless.

The passage has no applicability whatever to infants. It defines the term of salvation to those who have power to understand, and ability to comply, or to refuse to comply, and to such it is final. God makes no requirement, where He has not bestowed the ability to comply. We might with equal justice, apply to infants the commandment, "Watch and pray."

S. N. C.

### Communications.

For the Messenger.

#### DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

##### The Executive Council.

This committee held its first quarterly meeting for the current year, at Harrisburg on the 7th and 8th inst., and had three sessions. Reports were read from a portion of the missionaries, which were generally of a cheerful character. Those who are still in arrears, will forward their reports to the Superintendent without delay, so that he may from time to time, give information of their progress through the papers of the Church. Their next reports should be all sent in by the 1st of April coming. Besides these reports, other important business claimed the attention of the council. The Board at its annual meeting, had referred to it the question of publishing a missionary paper, with the view of disseminating missionary intelligence in the congregation, and Sunday-school. The usefulness of such an organ was acknowledged, but it was felt that the time for its appearance had not yet arrived. The subject was laid on the table for the present. Some other matters of vital importance required attention first. By and by we hope to see such a missionary herald making its monthly visits to the churches.

##### Congregational Missionary Societies.

The first and most urgent subject that engaged attention, was to provide for the immediate relief of the missionaries; hence the appeal for the January collections. Everything has been done, we suppose, to induce the churches to take part in this good work. It is hoped, therefore, that all will do something, even if it amounts to nothing more than an extempore collection. Such efforts, however, are transient in their results. The Board needs permanent, as well as immediate relief. The council, accordingly, devoted much of its time to devising some plan, by which missionary societies may be organized in our congregations. This was also an item referred to it by the Board. The object to be aimed at, is to get all our members, old and young, confirmed and unconfirmed, to contribute at least one penny a week for the cause of missions. If this can be accomplished, even to a limited extent, in one hundred congregations, and monthly remittances are made to our Treasurer, it will be seen at once that the relief will be a permanent one. The streams of benevolence, small it may be, like meagre streamlets, will commence to flow, and continue to flow during summer and winter, causing our missionary fields to become green and flourishing. Who will doubt the feasibility of such a simple, apostolic plan of doing good? The present method of depending largely on our communion and harvest collections, does not meet with the urgent and increasing wants of our missionary work. Let this come in as an auxiliary to other efforts, which the Church is making to have the Gospel preached to the poor. We will refer to this matter again, when the committee appointed to mature a constitution, for such societies has time to report. The President of the Board expects to establish such a missionary union in his own Church. Many will be glad to

hear of it, and be willing to follow his example. In regard to systematic benevolence and the husbanding of small gifts of benevolence, the Reformed Church can learn much from the Methodists and Catholics.

##### Missions to take up Collections.

Formerly it was required of each missionary to take up collections for missions, in the same way as other congregations. Latterly this has not been done in all cases, but the council at its late meeting, decided to restore the old rule. Its propriety will be acknowledged at once. Whilst missions are receiving help, it is well that they should have an opportunity to cultivate the spirit of benevolence, and to unite at once with others in the spread of the Gospel.

##### Intelligence from the Missions.

The Rev. F. R. Schwedes, German missionary at Cumberland, Md., speaks hopefully of his charge. He says in his last report, that the attendance at divine services has been improving; that the Christmas festival proved to be a season of refreshing to the mission, that the Reformed people from far and near came together to the house of the Lord, and partook joyfully of the holy sacrament of their Lord and Saviour, in greater numbers than the year before; that the Sunday-school had an interesting celebration on Christmas evening, and that it has improved in numbers and strength. He also says, that his congregation has purchased three acres of land, to be used as a Reformed cemetery for one thousand dollars, which amount is to be realized by the sale of lots. He regards this as an advantage to his congregation, because the foreign Germans are accustomed to see the Church provide for them in life and in death. When this is done decently and in order, it serves to keep them in the Church of our fathers, and to bring back some, who have wandered off into other folds, in order

The Rev. D. Y. Heister, pastor of Grace church on College Hill, at Easton, speaks encouragingly of the mission under his charge. During the last quarter he received an addition of two new members by certificate, had interesting Christmas services and took up a collection for missions a short time ago. This missionary has two regular services on the Lord's day, morning and evening, and attends the Sunday-school in the afternoon. He has also several services during the week. The congregation numbers fifty-seven members and the Sunday-school has about seventy scholars. Brother Heister has been suffering for the last three or four months, from the effects of a severe attack of pneumonia, which he had experienced some time previously; but notwithstanding these afflictions, he has been able to attend to all his duties.

The Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, in charge of the mission at Wyoming, Kent Co., Delaware, reports a steady progress in his work during the last quarter. He says some old debts, which had been a source of annoyance in the congregation, have been removed, and that fifty-three dollars and forty-three cents had been realized from the "Sunday-school Farm," and invested in a library. We do not know what kind of a farm that was, but each one can imagine for himself. This missionary reports that there is a large immigration into the eastern peninsula of Maryland, among which are a goodly number of Reformed families, that need to be looked after. He has made an appointment at Ridgely, in Caroline Co., where he is to preach for the present every six weeks. Some eight Reformed families have expressed a willingness to be organized into a Christian congregation, and others are expected to remove into that locality in a short time. It is said that great changes will take place in the peninsula, the old eastern shore, in a few years, and that an interesting field for missionary labor will be then presented to the Reformed Church. Brother Dieffenbacher has been instructed to take charge of that interest for the present. It is not unlikely the isolated mission in Delaware will give rise to future missions in the adjoining State of Maryland.

On the 13th of January, the Superintendent had the pleasure of preaching at Heller's church, a part of the New Holland charge, in Lancaster Co., under the care of Rev. D. W. Gerhard. After the sermon an

impromptu collection for missions was lifted, which was respectable and is to be increased, as we understand, by some who had been taken at a disadvantage, as they were not aware of the fact, that there would be a collection for missions when they came to church. This charge always makes up its classical assessments for missions. This year it will, we suppose, do more than that. So it should be. The collections for immediate relief should be, if possible, in excess of classical obligations. They are special, and are intended to meet a special emergency.

##### An Erratum.

In one of the articles from the Superintendent, published in the MESSENGER two weeks ago, an error occurred, which we here correct. In the manuscript, "where we spoke of the organization of Grace Church at Pittsburg, we said "that no one acquainted with the facts in the case, will deny that our live missionary and the active men, who founded Grace Church at Pittsburg, had something to do in promoting this progress of the Church in the western part of our State." That was the meaning.

### Selected.

#### HE OBJECTED.

He was a devout man. Good people generally thought he walked with God and had fellowship with the Father and with the Son. His prayers were solemn and evangelical, though sometimes elaborate and mystical. His sermons were orthodox and impressive. Perhaps he often took too dark a view of things, but I never doubted his piety.

He had a very nervous temperament. Bodily disease contributed to his sombre cast of thought. In early life he was disappointed in some expectations. He desired an appointment which the Church gave to

soured his temper. He had a mind in some respects strong; but his judgment frequently erred, and he had this great weakness, to wit:

His first view of everything was from the point of objection.

Whether this was so respecting his own scheme I do not know. But it certainly was so in respect of most things proposed by his brethren. He seemed to regard himself as an ecclesiastical Cerberus, set at the gate of the Church to keep back new motions and propositions. If he was not resisted too strenuously at first, and especially if he was allowed to make one speech against the proposal, and the matter would then lie over for a day or two, he often voted for it. He sometimes thought he could see how it favored some views of his own.

It was painful to see this weakness growing on the good man as he advanced in years. This trait gave great trouble to his brethren near the close of his life. It often looked as if he wished to have the leadership in every thing. This was probably not so. And yet if he was not first consulted, he was commonly in the opposition. He has now gone to a better world.

Either by natural generation, or by imitation, or in some other way, his son is following in his father's footsteps, though he has neither his father's piety nor talents. He is almost uniformly in the attitude of an objector. He is also impudent.

Yet he is probably a truly good man. Now, in such a case, what ought others to do? This is a very practical and important question. We answer:

1. Bear and forbear. Never lose your temper with such a man. In his case that which is crooked cannot be made straight. He does not see his fault. If he should read this paper, (and he probably will), it will not in the least occur to him that he is the man here described. You must bear with him, and show all long-suffering.

2. As far as possible avoid collision with him. Every time he is opposed he seems to grow worse.

3. But never surrender truth or principle because of his unamiable behavior. Sometimes great plainness of speech is necessary. Peace must not be bought at the cost of truth.

4. Pray for him. He needs help from God. I think he will be saved after all. He has some good qualities. He seems to be kind to the poor. Though he is rash, and even cowardly, and sometimes cruel, if he thinks one can not defend himself, yet he sometimes does generous things. Pray for him.—Presbyterian.



## Family Reading.

## SIMPLY TRUSTING.

My God, I do not fear  
To yield myself to Thee;  
However strange Thy will appear,  
It must be good for me.  
O Father, kind, and wise, and strong,  
Thy will can do no creature wrong.  
The little babe at rest  
Becomes my minister;  
It lies upon its mother's breast,  
And leaves itself to her.  
Ah, foolish babe, if it should dread  
The heart that throbs beneath its head.  
I do not fear to trust  
My little all to Thee;  
Thy every motion must be just  
To all the world and me.  
Will as Thou wilt—my joy be still  
To kiss Thy sweet and sacred will!  
—London Christian.

## CHARITY VERSUS SLIPPERS.

"Yes, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers."

Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slipped feet, as they towered above me on the mantle-piece, could be supposed to constitute a listener. I think it is well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes, Yankee fashion, or, indeed, of committing myself in any manner unbefitting the dignity of a rather fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties which a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued, with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharge my yearly duties aright, I have done so today, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is charity.' I could preach feelingly on these words."

"Rubbish!"  
"Eh?" and I stared round the room, but nothing unusual met my gaze, save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish, indeed!" I echoed, indignantly. "I wonder what could have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! I only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower, I perceived a little wretched sprite, in yellow attire, nodding and grimacing at me from behind its white petals. "Pray, Sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term nonsense?"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Excuse me; I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

I felt myself getting rather hot. "Perhaps you would favor me further with your opinions," I retorted with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk, looking after her interests; I don't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for Charity—ugh!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued.

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F.'s because they lived in a dissenting neighborhood, and could land to advantage the church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to Widow B. and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favor of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so uncivil to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really," I stammered, with blushing consciousness, "I could not forget my family. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; "and, 'Charity seeketh not its own'—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. A. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why don't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really I am quite exhausted with my day's work," and I looked wistfully at my slippers, and the said slippers, encasing my feet, look placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N.

and A. and L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas-day if you don't go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.  
"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat, after writing your sermon. Think of L.'s little children, with no treat at all, not even the natural one of food! Go at once."

I thought of my own happy little ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots, preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but, a few minutes later, my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!  
I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my much esteemed slippers, which last toasting cozily on the rug, looked far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people. "There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; not a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irishwoman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the petals of my rose.  
"So you are still there, my small mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommencing me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."  
"Oh, indeed," was the curt rejoinder.  
"Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back haughtily. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering, 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own whilst plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You were seeking praise."

"Yes; praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied, sharply, feelingly all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact. "Perhaps if you were tired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon; and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room?"

"Yes; they are preparing their Christmas tree for to-morrow."

"Why are your brother's children not with them?"

"My brother's children!" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years."

"Yes."

"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up! It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offender and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied, sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intended preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you. That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"'Charity thinketh no evil,' says the book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long and is kind.'"

"I am sure I suffered long."

"Charity beareth all things."

"Dear me. I am sure I have borne long."

"Yes; but not forgivingly."

"Well, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure Tom would frustrate my intentions; he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"Charity hopeth all things."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, if you are willing to practice the virtue."

I must; "Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first and foremost that said sermon on charity."

"Ah, well! I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter so long as a reconciliation is effected?"

"Did you never hear 'procrastination is the thief of time?'"

"Well, I certainly cannot think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I don't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and children trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet voices rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart, "On earth peace, good-will towards men."

Good-will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long estranged brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour had passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of their new uncle.

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guests to be at our party.

"Your brother!" she said, gently startled; "you don't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud, loving look, "you are a saint."

I know it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least I try to be," I said, as I re-entered my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small one, are you satisfied?" This to the sprite in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you want now?" I cried, quite aghast.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts, as those of a moment ago."

"But I—"

"You were seeking praise."

"Praise?"

A pang of remorse twitched me, and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a prayer of humility.

It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gamboling round the gift-laden tree, but amidst all our glee the true words of my little mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

She looked puzzled a moment. "Well," she said, "it is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice."

"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher.—Sunday Magazine.

## WALK IN WINTER.

A walk in wintry weather is not, we are confident, enough in favor with our people—especially with those of sedentary habits. And yet, it is the best time of all the year for realizing the full pleasure and profit of pedestrianism. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs! How clear and sweet it is to the nostrils! How it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour! How the cheeks glow, and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with delightful vigor, after such a walk through the winter sunshine!

The able-bodied men who will crouch down shivering in the corner of a street car—in an air rank and fetid from the pack of humanity breathing and exhaling therein—when he has only two or three miles to walk, deserves to be assailed by the demon of influenza, neuralgia, coughs, colds and headache that lurk therein. Even a ride in a buggy or sleigh robs the trip of half its benefits. The air is good, to be sure, but the exercise is lacking, and its resulting benefits to the blood and the muscular and nervous systems.

Who that has experienced it would exchange the exhilaration that comes from "being all aglow" after a brisk walk through the sparkling air, for the social or the merely lazy satisfaction of having had a ride? The reflections of the poet Holmes—"proud pedestrian" are no fanciful sketch to the real lovers of a winter's walk. The lassitude of

spring and the languor of summer, which made sauntering either a necessity or a delight, now give way to the vim and vigor of health, seeking its natural expression of activity under favorable conditions.

Winter-walking is a sure cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creep-crawls" from the spinal column, and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine," it is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion, it is worth a whole harbor-full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drug-store's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs—and especially your hips—were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies and shoulders—and no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking, as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some splendid woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of a man who has some spring and litheness to him. There ought to be a Professor of Walking in our gymnasiums and high schools. But let those of us who are past that learn how to walk by walking; and December is a good time to begin.—Golden Rule.

## SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,  
Like a leaf on the current cast;  
With never a break in their rapid flow,  
We watch them as one by one they go  
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,  
Or an arrow's flying gleam;  
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,  
That lift the willow's long golden lid,  
And ripple the glassy stream.  
As light as the breath of the thistle down,  
As fond as a lover's dream;  
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,  
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,  
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,  
Down the dim-lighted stair;  
We hear the sound of their steady tread  
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,  
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.  
Shall we watch them in idle strife?  
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet  
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,  
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let  
No envious taunts be heard;  
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,  
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,  
But never an angry word!  
—National Repository.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

The words of truth are never lost. Like long-buried seed, they will bloom forth at last. A youth of fifteen once heard the celebrated Flavel preach a plain, powerful sermon, from which he received no immediate impressions. Soon after he came to America, where he lived to be a hundred years of age—a thoughtless, careless old man. One day, while sitting alone under a tree, his past life came vividly before him, and over the hills of memory, clear as the blue above him, rose the days of his youth, and with them the Sabbath morning when he heard the great, solemn Flavel. The sermon's thrilling words came back to him like an alarm-bell over the silent sea of years, awakening every sleeping sin. Startled and stung by conscience, he was led at last from a deep sense of guilt to a forgiving judge and a loving Saviour. He joined a neighboring church, and for sixteen years lived to be a consistent follower of Christ, and then Luke Short died, at the age of a hundred and sixteen years, in the glorious hope of a blessed immortality.

Little thought Flavel that his living words should echo over the sea of time, across the ocean between the Old and New World, awakening a sleeping soul to everlasting glory.

The seed of truth has a wondrous resurrection power. Sown in one heart, planted and transplanted, it lives and grows from year to year, from century to century. Binney sat alone and wrote his book of Christian experience—full of thoughts born in prayer and baptized in tears. One of its printed copies some careless hand had torn and thrown aside, and Richard Baxter chanced to pick up the old, torn leaves, and read enough of truth to lead him at last to feel the evil of sin, and to find peace and hope, and he wrote his "Call to the Unconverted," which Doddridge read, and was awakened and saved, and many other sleepers, his solemn call aroused them from their death-slumbers, and many saints by him were helped to reach their everlasting rest; and Doddridge, saved through God's help by Baxter, wrote his Rise and Progress, which led William Wil-

berforce to Christ, and Wilberforce wrote his Practical View, which led Thomas Chalmers to be truly converted, while himself preaching an unknown Christ. Let no preacher think his true, earnest words hermetically sealed and dead in the vase of some hardened soul. They live even in the dust of memory's tomb. As the Danish poet tells us, the flower upon the earth grows at night-time; so, in times dark, the flower of truth may grow unseen.—Christian Intelligence.

## NORWAY WOMEN AND WEDDINGS.

The women on holidays turn out in the old Norse costume, the chief feature of which is the bodice, which is often made of some bright colored velvet, turned down in front with white silk, and laced before and behind, according to our author, "with several yards of fine silver chain, each chain ending in a silver bodkin, in order that they may be the better threaded through double eyes (in themselves strikingly pretty articles of silver), that ran in four lines up the back and front of this showy Scandinavian haberdashery." Both men and women are fond of large, bright buttons and of silver-plated ornaments. A Norse wedding is always preceded by a series of presents from the bridegroom of the bride. First, there are about two dozen meat tubs of various sizes, elaborately painted, and last the crowning glory of the trousseau, there is a wonderful clothes-press. Inside, as far as regards drawers, large and small, and brass pegs and racks for crockery, it is a marvel of ingenuity, while outside it is a perfect triumph of art. The ground tint is a warm bright vermilion, painted all over with green and yellow scrolls, enlivened with wreaths of gorgeous flowers and piles of brilliant-hued fruit, pleasingly interspersed with quaint lovers' knots and bleeding hearts transfixed upon Cupid's darts, in the midst of which are the names and birth-dates of the liberal donor and blissful recipient of this magnificent wedding gift. A Norwegian maiden, who is generally as sober as a linnet in her ordinary attire, appears on her bridal day glittering in all the colors of the rainbow. On her long fair hair is set an antique crown of silver gilt; and her bodice, stiff as a cuirass, is thickly studded with beads, silver-gilt brooches, and small mirrors. The bridal adornment is too valuable to be the individual property of any Norse belle, but belongs to the district, and is hired out for the day.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

**CAULIFLOWER OMELET.**—Take the white part of a boiled cauliflower after it is cold, and chop it very small, and mix with a sufficient quantity of well-beaten eggs to make a very thick batter, and then fry it in fresh butter in a small pan and send it to the table hot.

**SOAP AND SILVER.**—Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original lustre. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the country, says, "Housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds, as it makes it look like pewter."

**HAM CAKE.**—A good way of disposing of the remains of ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast, is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in a half pint of milk, and beat it, and the ham well up together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mold, and bake it a rich brown.

**IRONING STARCHED CLOTHES.**—Put a piece of mutton tallow the size of a filbert into the starch when boiling—butter will do, but is not so good; or, stir it for a moment with a sperm candle. It must be taken for granted that the housekeeper knows how to make starch, but it will do no harm to drop the caution not to have it too thick. The clothes should be put in the hot starch when wet from the last water of the wash. After drying, and about half an hour before ironing, wet the shirt bosoms, collars, cuffs, etc., in cold starch, to give them an extra stiffness. They should not be dried after the cold-starching, but rolled tightly in a dry towel, and ironed soon. The irons must be smooth and not too hot. A piece of beeswax rubbed on the hot iron, and then cleaned off by a few vigorous rubs on a piece of old cloth, will add to the smoothness and polish of the surface. To give an "extra shine" to the clothes, rub the starched surface quickly with a damp (not wet) cloth, after it has been well ironed, and pass a cool iron over it several times, pressing hard as it is done. Polishing irons are used for this purpose in laundries, but a good deal of "elbow grease" is required to use them,



## Miscellaneous.

## THE MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

Firstly thou, churl son of Janus,  
Rough for cold, in drugged clad,  
Com'st with rack and rheum to pain us;—  
Firstly thou, churl son of Janus,  
Caverned now is old Sylvanus;  
Numb and chill are maid and lad.

After thee thy dripping brother,  
Dank his weeds around him cling;  
Mist his footsteps swathe and smother,—  
After thee thy dripping brother,  
Heart-set couples hush each other,  
Listening for the cry of Spring.

Hark! for March thereto doth follow,  
Blithe—a herald tabarded;  
O'er him flies the shifting swallow,—  
Hark! for March thereto doth follow,  
Swift his horn, by holt and hollow,  
Wakes the flowers in Winter dead.

Thou then, April, Iris' daughter,  
Born between the storm and sun;  
Coy as nymph ere Pan hath caught her,  
Thou then, April, Iris' daughter,  
Now are light, and rustling water;  
Now are mirth and nests begun.

May the jocund cometh after,  
Month of all the Loves (and mine);  
Month of mock and cuckoo laughter,  
May the jocund cometh after,  
Beaks are gay on roof and rafter;  
Luckless lovers peak and pine.

June the next, with roses scented,  
Languid from a slumber-spell;  
June in shade of leafage tented:—  
June the next, with roses scented,  
Now her Itys, still lamented,  
Sings the mournful Philomel.

Hot July thereafter rageth,  
Dog-star smitten, wild with heat;  
Fierce as pard the hunter cageth,  
Hot July thereafter rageth,  
Traffic now no more engatheth;  
Tongues are still in stall and street.

August next, with cider mellow,  
Laughs from out the popped corn;  
Hook at back, a lusty fellow,  
August next, with cider mellow,  
Now in wains the sheafage yellow  
'Twixt the hedges slow is borne.

Laden deep with fruity cluster,  
Then September, ripe and hale;  
Bees about his basket fluster,  
Laden deep with fruity cluster,  
Skies have now a softer lustre;  
Barns resound to flap of flail.

Thou then too, of woodlands lover,  
Dusk October, berry-stained;  
Wailed about of parting plover,  
Thou then too, of woodlands lover,  
Fading now are copse and cover;  
Forests now are sere and waned.

Next November, limping, battered,  
Blinded in a whirl of leaf;  
Worn of want and travel-tattered,  
Next November, limping, battered,  
Now the goodly ships are shattered,  
Far at sea, on rock and reef.

Last of all the shrunk December  
Cowed for age, in ashen gray;  
Fading like a fading ember,  
Last of all the shrunk December,  
Him regarding, men remember  
Life and joy must pass away.

—Good Words.

## PITT'S PRECOCITY.

William Pitt was born on the 28th of May, 1759. He was the second son of that William Pitt, first earl of Chatham, who, as the great Commoner, had ruled the House of Commons with an iron sway such as its members had never before experienced, and who, as First Minister of the Crown, had made the name of England feared in both hemispheres as she had never before been feared or has never since been feared. There are some men who, at a very early age give signs of the fame they are afterwards to obtain. We are told that Smeaton, when a child of 6, made a windmill; that Cardinal Du Perron, when only 7, asked for pen to write a book against the Huguenots; that West, when a boy, exclaimed, "A painter is a companion for kings!"—that when mere lads, Hartley determined to write a book on the nature of man, Bacon a work on philosophy, Milton an epic poem, and De Thou a history. Young Pitt belonged to this precocious order. At a time when most boys are scarcely out of the nursery he was a brilliant scholar. His knowledge of the classics was profound. He was an acute mathematician. The favorite son of his father, he was taught when a child by his splendid sire how to recite, how to express his thoughts in severe English, and how to regard any subject that interested him from its various points of view. "I am glad that I am not the eldest son," he said to his mother on the creation of the Chatham peerage; "I want to speak in the House of Commons, like papa." Already genius had laid open before him his future. Indeed, never in the annals of biography was dawn more brilliant. "The fineness of William's mind," writes his mother, "makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." His tutor had to check his assiduity for

fear of developing the brain at the expense of the body. Hayley the poet was so impressed with the remarks of this wonderful boy that he regretted not having asked his opinion of a work he was then meditating. While paying a visit to the House of Lords young Pitt was introduced to Fox, afterward his famous rival, and the great debater used to tell how, as speech after speech was made, the lad by his side kept turning to him and saying, "But surely, Mr. Fox, that might be met thus:" or, "Yes, but he lays himself open to this retort." A boy who, instead of regarding the robes of the peers or the structure of the chamber, keenly watched how every argument could be met and refuted, was no ordinary character, and Fox admitted that he was much struck by the novelty of the circumstance.—*Temple Bar*.

## A GLIMPSE OF PRAQUE.

We had left the Saxon Switzerland, famed for its rugged cliffs, crowned by the impregnable fortress of Konigstein, and had come into Bohemia, the fertile country on which Dresden depends for her milk and honey, and for her butter, eggs, cheese, and fruit as well. The country was beautiful. The mountains, softened in their outlines by a purple veil of mist, overshadowed the lovely Elbe as it wound in and out between its green banks, now widening into a broad, clear lake, now narrowing off to a slender thread, on the picturesque, heightened by the background of the magnificent old city, on whose adorning regal sums have been lavished, and every art of the workman and the sculptor has for centuries been employed.

The women were very noticeable, with their dark faces and gay head-dresses, their majestic stature and their easy bearing. The little children playing in the streets looked up at us from under their tangled hair with their beautiful black eyes. In every open square the big stone fountains that supply the city with water were surrounded by groups of dark-eyed, graceful girls, come to fill their pitchers and chat, after the manner of maidens from Rebekah downward. We flashed by an old, richly carved Gothic window on the right; on the left St. Hubert with the stag looked down on us from a balcony of gray stone. In an old arched doorway sat a woman in a long white garment, a white capote drawn over her head, shading her brown face, her knees drawn up and her hands clasped over them, her dark eyes gazing dreamily out at the busy multitudes hurrying by. Now come a band of Austrian soldiers, short, stout and dark-featured, rather clumsy-looking in their uniform of white coat and blue trousers; then a company of Hungarians, their fur knapsacks strapped to their shoulders, their bronzed faces forming a striking contrast to the fair-faced Saxons among whom we had been living.

A cart drawn slowly along by mild-eyed white oxen looked strangely out of place amid the hurrying throngs of the busy city. Now and then a swarthy Bohemian gypsy with straight black hair crossed our path. The priests, in their long black robes and girdle of knotted cords, lifted their hats in friendly greeting to the strangers as we passed; the beggars bowed low, and stretched out their brown palms with a prayer for alms in their strange Bohemian tongue. One and all added a picturesque feature to the scene, and one and all recognized our presence, and gave us a greeting friendly, respectful or imploring, according to the rank of the giver.

The wonderful beauty of situation, the richness of the artistic adornment, the picturesqueness of the people, and the added charm of historical association, make this venerable city one of the most interesting in Europe.—*Mrs. J. W. Davis, in Harper's Magazine for January*.

## THE POOR OF INDIA.

It is now known and admitted that India is a very poor country, judged by European standards. The average income of the people was estimated by a well-known authority in 1871 at about £2 a head, giving an aggregate of some three hundred millions sterling—more, of course, calculating by the latest census returns. Poverty need not, of course, generate pauperism, for a small national income evenly divided may go farther than the wealth of a rich country to ward off the extremes of want. But even allowing a good deal of margin to the above estimate, no devices of distribution would enable resources so small to resist any unusual strain upon them. In ordinary seasons they may be sufficient, for there have been many causes at work over long periods of time to keep down the standard of want; among the Indian poor. The tropical climate minimizes the need for food and artificial warmth,

and so simplifies the mere act of living. The extent and variety of the country, by making it almost independent of foreign supplies, have done much to shut out the stimulating influence of foreign intercourse. Long subjugation to despotic rule has disproportionately developed the duty of patience and submissiveness; and indeed for centuries the insecurity of property was such as to destroy all incentive to accumulation, whilst, even to the comparatively rich, simple habits were the only safeguards against spoliation. Thus the national character has been cramped, and the aspirations of the poorer classes—that is to say, of the bulk of the people—seldom even yet rise beyond the bare means of sustenance. There are great numbers whose daily livelihood is so precarious that they may be driven at any moment to lean on others for support; and yet, though the slightest access of famine discloses swarming masses of destitution, there is nothing on the surface at ordinary times to indicate distress, far less starvation. Few beg who have not the excuse of lameness or blindness, the laborers return singing from their work, artisans are always difficult to get, domestic servants remain out of employment with the utmost resignation; and, in short, there is no general appearance of friction, struggle, or disjointedness.—*Nineteenth Century*

## EGYPT'S OBELISKS.

Egypt is rich in obelisks. Among the ruins of San—the Zoon of the Hebrews—in the Delta, lie no less than ten, all overthrown and some shattered. At Heliopolis, an obelisk sixty-eight feet high, which was four centuries old when Moses was born, still stands erect. In the temple of Luxor there is one of seventy-five feet in height, the mate of that in Paris. Karnak possesses four, two of which are ninety-two feet high, and in the granite quarries at Assouan lies a monolith of ninety-five feet, which appears to have been left there on account of a flaw in the stone. All these keep their original places, and the ruins of the ages recorded in their inscriptions lie around them. The obelisk which is destined for New York has a height of seventy-one feet, with a base of seven feet seven inches square; its material is the rosegray granite of Assouan, the ancient Syenne.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

## MURAT'S COURAGE.

He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when, in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the king, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the king that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the king himself, and what made the case more serious was that the shot had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst which were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the king entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect that the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the king entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.—*Pope's Memoirs*.

## THE INFLUENCE OF JOURNALISM ON ENGLISH PROSE.

Intimately connected with the influences that arise from the attitude and temper of the general reader, are certain influences which spring from such prevalent forms and subjects of literature as present themselves to the general writer. The first of these forms, and unquestionably the most constant and pervading in its influence, is now as it was in De Quincey's days, journalism. No one with the slightest knowledge of the subject will pretend that the influence of journalism upon writing is wholly bad. Whatever may have been the case formerly, a standard of excellence which is in some respects really high is usually aimed at, and not seldom reached, in the better class of newspapers. Some appropriateness in the use of words, a rigid avoidance of the more glaring grammatical errors, and a respectable degree of clearness in statement, are expected by the reader, and usually observed by the writer. In these respects therefore, there is no falling off to be complained of, but rather a marked improvement upon past times to be perceived. Yet, as regards the higher excellences of style, it is not possible that the influence of journalism should be good. For it must at any cost be rapid, and rapidity is absolutely incompatible

with style. The journalist has as a rule one or two things to do; he has either to give a rapid account of certain facts, or to present a rapid discussion of certain arguments. In either case it becomes a matter of necessity for him to adopt stereotyped phrases and forms of speech which, being ready cut and dried, may abbreviate his labor and leave him as little as possible to invent in his limited time. Now there is nothing more fatal to the attainment of a good style than the habit of using such stereotyped phrases and forms. With the imperiousness natural to all art, style absolutely refuses to avail itself of, or to be found in company with anything that is ready made. The rule must be a leaden one, the mold made for the occasion, and broken after it has passed. Every one who has ever seriously tried to write must be conscious how sorely he has been beset, and how often he has been overcome, by the almost insensible temptation to adopt the current phrases of the day. Bad, however, as the influence of journalism is in this respect, it is perhaps worse in its tendency to sacrifice everything to mere picturesqueness of style (for the word must be thus misused because there is no other.) The journalist is bound to be picturesque by the law of his being. The old phrase, *seignus irritant*, is infinitely truer of pseudo-picturesque style as compared with literature which holds to its proper means of appeal, than it is of literal spectacle as compared with narrative. And the journalist is obliged at any cost to *irritare animos*, and that in the least possible time.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## Selections.

Love is the law of Christ's kingdom, the lesson of His school, and the livery of His household.

In the social hierarchy flattery rises like the smoke of incense; frankness descends like a rude avalanche.

The charity that thinketh no evil is a wiser statesmanship than the misanthropy which thinketh no good.—*Christian Union*.

When the last reed, on which you need to lean, breaks, then God will interpose His strength, and enable you to rely upon it: "He giveth power to the faint."

Christ Jesus ever liveth, ever loveth, ever pleadeth, ever watcheth, and ever waiteth to be gracious unto us; this is the antidote for every misery; believe it, and be wretched if you can.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the last beggars covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—*W. Penn.*

Covetousness cracks the sinews of faith, numbs the apprehension of anything above sense, and, only affected with the certainty of things present, makes a peradventure of things to come; lives but unto one world, nor hopes but fears another.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts towards that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words.—*Fenelon*.

We cannot say the morning sun fulfills ingloriously its course; nor that the clear, strong stars without significance inspire our habitation. We, meantime, our ills heap up against this good, and lift a cry against "this work-day world," "this ill-spread feast,"

As if ourselves were better certainly than what we come to. Maker and High Priest,

I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,—  
Only to make me worthier of the least! —*Mrs. Browning*.

The blood must be sprinkled, as well as shed, otherwise the blood being shed will do the sinner no good. Christ's death and our sins are intimately connected. The guilt of our sins being the cause of His death, and the renewal of that guilt being the fruit and effect of it. His death, being penal, is expiating and atoning; it is the sacrifice of substitution. No wonder, therefore, that He says so emphatically, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.—*Dr. Candlish*.

## Science and Art.

The spire of the Cologne cathedral has a monster bell cast from twenty-two cannon captured in the campaign of 1870.

Excavations for the tunnel under the channel between France and England have already been begun on the French side.

The museum of Yale College has received from the Rocky Mountains the nearly complete skeleton of a gigantic reptile. It is thirty feet long, and was found firmly embedded in rock. Prof. Marsh says that it was probably an aquatic animal, and of an order heretofore unknown to scientific men.

The deepest perpendicular mining shaft in the world is in Prizibram, Bohemia, and measures 3280 feet. It is in a lead mine, and is supposed to have been begun about 350 years ago. In other places greater depths have been reached, but not by straight lines. A rock salt bore near Berlin is 4175 feet deep, and a coal mine in Belgium 3542. The deepest hole ever bored is an artesian well, of 5500 feet, at Potsdam, Mo.

A new invention for preventing railway accidents, by an improved system of signalling, was exhibited in London some time ago, to a

large number of engineers and inventors. It consists of an insulated rail laid beneath the four-footway, by means of which station-masters can telegraph to a train while in motion, or one train can communicate with another.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.—Recent statistics show that the rate of mortality among grocers is as 76 to 100 among the general population at equal ages, while the death rate among drapers is as 103 to 100 by the same standard. On analyzing the cause of this difference between the drapers and the grocers it is found that it lies in the mode of living. The disease which destroys the draper is pulmonary consumption. The explanation is simple. The grocer lives in a shop, the door of which is open the whole day, and he is very active himself in business; the draper, on the other hand, lives in a close place with the doors of his shop closed, and in a dusty, close atmosphere. No one whose pleasure or business calls on him to enter the majority of our large drapery emporiums in London, but will feel in a position to testify to the truth of this description. The heat and closeness which are their usual characteristics sufficiently accounts for their general pallor and unhealthy appearance of the male and female attendants in them.—*Sanitary Record*.

A Possible Work of Praxiteles.—In May last there was found in the Olympian temple of Zeus, a colossal marble statue of a nude youth. The *Athenaeum* describes it as follows: "The lower portion of the legs and the right forearm are wanting. With the left elbow he leaned upon the stem of a tree, supporting on his arm a little boy. Of the latter figure, unfortunately, only the lower part remains, and the tiny hand that he had laid confidently on the shoulder of his bearer. Over the tree stem on which the arm that supports the boy is rested, falls the drapery in rich, deeply-cut and wonderfully worked folds, affording to the arm a soft resting place, and gracefully hiding the support of the tree stem, which in this position was technically necessary. The body of the youth rests with an easy negligence on the left leg, so that the soft flesh of the right hip shows in manifold displacements the play of the muscles of the blooming youthful form. The head is marked by the finest, most spiritualized youthful beauty, and somewhat resembles the heads we see on the Vatican Meleager, or the Hermes of the Belvedere. The body, too, resembles those figures, only it is slenderer, softer, more vivacious. At the first glance we are struck by the careless execution of the hair, which, in the parts that were usually unseen by the spectators, is only slightly indicated. The back of the statue is also less thoroughly wrought. Now Pausanias reports that among the gifts of recent date was a marble Hermes carrying the boy Dionysius, and that it was a work of Praxiteles. The savants who have charge of the excavations have, therefore, and there is no doubt correctly, inferred that our statue is really the Hermes of Praxiteles, and that we now, for the first time, behold an original work of that great artist—a work that is equal to the greatest treasures we possess of ancient art, and which must ever remain a corner-stone of our knowledge of the history of Greek sculpture."

## Personal.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, the well known editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, died on the 16th inst.

John B. Gough states that in thirty-five years he has delivered 7,600 speeches, but has never faced an audience yet without wishing to go the other way. He never approaches an audience without feeling a shaking of the knees and a dryness of the lips.

Mr. Chenary, the new editor of the *London Times*, is a man about fifty-one years old. He was born in Barbadoes, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and was afterward called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. He has been Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and it was in consequence of his researches in this department of literature that he received honors from two different quarters: from the late Sultan, who in 1869 nominated him a member of the Order of Medjidie, and from the Church in whose behalf he was made a member of the Old Testament Company of the Bible Revisers.

## Books and Periodicals.

THE SHAWNEE PRISONER: a Borderer's story. By Clara F. Guernsey, author of "Dr. Leighton's Children," "The Young Heires," "Scrub Hollow," "Bury of Baglowood," "The Silver Rifle," "Alice Fenton," "Out of the Orphan Asylum," "The Drifting Boat," etc. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union, No. 1122 Chestnut street. Pp. 329.

This is a story of Border Life, in what is now known as Tazewell county, Virginia, in the latter part of the last century. It will greatly interest children who have a taste for reading about Indian warfare. The book is of excellent positive religious character.

THE COMPLETE PREACHER for January contains a number of remarkable sermons. The one which is creating just now a world-wide interest is on "Endless Punishment," by Dr. FARRAR, Canon of Westminster, well known in this country as the author of "Farrar's Life of Christ." The attack by Farrar on the doctrine of Endless Punishment is surprising to orthodox Christians everywhere. An answer to this sermon is promised in the February issue of THE COMPLETE PREACHER. A sermon in this number, no less remarkable than Farrar's, is on the same subject by Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Duryea contributes an able sermon on "Christ, the Revelation of God." He declares that "Christ is not the revealer of God, but is God revealed. He is not the hand that pushes back the slide of the dark lantern, nor is He the slide of the lantern, but the 'flash' of light." A sermon by Spurgeon, lately preached in London on "The Sabbath-School," is in the author's sprightly inimitable style. There is also a fine sermon by Dr. Ryland on "The Crowning of the Year." These sermons are all given in full, in large type and on fine paper. Published by the Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 Barclay Street, New York. Price, Single Number, 25 cents; per year \$2.00.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1753—January 19, 1878. Contents: The Ninety Years' Agony of France, *Contemporary Review*; Erics, *From an Ingelien*; The Celt of Wales and the Celt of Ireland, *Cornhill Magazine*; Macleod of Dare, *Advance Sheets*; The Story of Maximilian at Miramar and at Queretaro, "A Traverser L'Autriche"; Modern Life and Insanity, *Montblanc's Magazine*; Smith's Poor Kin, *Spectator*; Irrigation in India, *Examiner*; Peppercorn, *Spectator*; Poetry: The Northern Lights; A Norse Superstition; Let Bygones be Bygones; Valentine's Day, 1873; an Unpublished Poem, by Charles Kingsley. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. J. M. TITZEL,  
Rev. E. E. HIGGEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts. For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1878.

## ENCOURAGE DENOMINATIONAL LIFE.

We notice that one object of the weekly meetings of the ministers of the Dutch Church in New York, is to develop their denominational life, and to strengthen the feeling which will help them to fulfil their peculiar mission as a branch of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. This disposition has grown wonderfully of late among those who ought to be most nearly allied to us. A few years ago the fences were all down, and ministers wandered in and out of the fields of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism, as if the Dutch Church had no distinctive character, and was likely to be absorbed by those who had greater numerical strength. A change has taken place, and they who were looked upon as held together only by large material interests in a great city, have re-asserted their claims to respect. They have not hesitated to stand by the teaching of the Synod of Dort, when the leaders of the Edinburgh Council have been trying to explain them away. And however much we who hold to no other symbol than the Heidelberg Catechism may differ from them, in regard to the construction of some of the "hard and knotty points of Calvinism," we must accord to them a candor and honesty which is, to say the least, refreshing in these days when so many practically repudiate the standards they set forth as formulating their faith.

We think this is all right, for it is doubtful whether those who have neither peculiar genius nor distinctive mission, have anything to justify a separate organization. We have always said this, and our objection to the position taken by our friend, Dr. Krauth, has not been the intensity of his Lutheranism, but to his idea that there never can be anything higher and better. In our view, the divisions that now exist in the Church will disappear at some future day, but the time is not yet, and the way to bring about oneness of faith, is certainly not by means of the latitudinarian unionism, that would sacrifice every fundamental truth and theological principle to an empty name. That would only eviscerate the Church, and entail upon her greater evils, than those from which she attempts to fly.

We believe that the thought of our Church, has been in advance of some of those by whom we are surrounded. The evidence of this is in the fact, that much for which we had to contend is now being accepted by the leading minds of other branches of the Church. And the things for which we strove were so fundamental in their character and so catholic in their nature, that they have raised us above narrow denominationism. But we must not, on their account, forget the specific work we have to perform. Our positive Christological theology needs continued assertion. When the mists of prejudice which beclouded it in years past have been dispelled by the light of truth, it will universally prevail. But the false claims of Romanism on the one hand, and the attacks of rationalism on the other, make it important that we should maintain our position.

Frequent meetings such as our Reformed Dutch brethren are holding are calculated to strengthen denominational ties without impairing catholicity. Even when honest differences obtain, men will be actuated by the spirit of Christ, come to a better understanding by candid expression of views. This in turn will promote that unity which gives strength and encouragement.

## MORE FANATICISM.

The Rev. Dr. Fowler comes out personally in the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, of which he is editor, with the startling statement that if Christ made alcoholic wine, He must be "put on trial, not as a sot, but as a moderate drinker, who, according to the law of human nature, with so many million illustrations, was possibly saved from becoming an example for sots by being crucified in early manhood." This is supposed to be in the interests of temperance, but it will shock the sensibilities of almost every one who reads it. Who is to determine whether the indictment upon which so much depends according to Dr. Fowler, is a true one? We know that a few persons, like the editor of the *Advocate*, have already settled it in their own minds, but not to the satisfaction of those who cannot see that the character of their Divine Master should be staked upon a false and superficial issue. The evidence thus far would seem to fasten what Dr. Fowler sets down as a sin, upon our Saviour. It is conceded that no mortal man ever made alcohol. The most that a distiller can do is to collect it, and all the evil will only be pushed back one stage, and then charged upon the Almighty.

The last clause in Dr. Fowler's declaration borders on the profane, and is thoroughly infidel in regard to grace. To say nothing of his assertion that Christ Himself, instead of overcoming the law of evil in our human nature, was prevented by His crucifixion from being dragged under it,—leaving that out of the question; the Christians at Corinth, who got drunk at the sacred feasts, must have reached heaven at last, because there may have been some one wicked enough to put them to violent deaths. The power of God working in them for the subduing of sin was not to be depended upon. That is "temperance" with a vengeance. Truly those interested in the cause may well pray to be delivered from the hands of their friends.

## BUILDING ON THE RUIN OF OTHERS.

The business, not by the excellence of his own wares, but by finding fault with those of other people, is not likely to meet with ultimate success. He may win the public ear for awhile, but those around him will find out in the end, that his stock in trade is not merit, but abuse. And yet, there are some people who, through snarling selfishness or constitutional habit, will persist in this, when every thing should tell them that nothing is to be gained by it. Nay they show the dog-in-the-manger disposition, which finds a satisfaction in keeping others from that which they themselves cannot enjoy.

This disposition unfortunately has often shown itself in the Church. There have been ministers, who have sought to build up their denominational interests, by attacks upon those who differ from them; and Church members, who have shown more zeal in proselyting those already in the fold, than in winning souls from the devil. If they failed to bring people under their own peculiar influence, they have exulted in their success in keeping them away from Christ altogether. In this they have betrayed the animus of some infatuated lover, who murders his sweetheart to prevent her from becoming the wife of his rival. The jealousy and spite portrayed in common-place books of romance often describe the low feelings and miserable passions that actuate men in every-day life—sometimes, alas! under the plea of zeal for God.

It is very easy to hinder and destroy. The miscreant may, at a single stroke, ruin a work of art beyond the possibility of repair, and a single word of suspicion may blight a character in the eyes of men forever. The mischief may be done as Hamlet said by the

"—head-shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As 'Well, well we know';—or, 'we could, and  
If we would';—or, 'If we list to speak';—or,  
'There be, an if they might.'"  
Or such ambiguous giving out to note  
That you know ought of me."

The usefulness of a minister may thus be impaired, and the peace of congregations disturbed, even though there be

no attack upon moral character. His work as well as his personal reputation may be assailed. The sword of Herod is not necessary to the murder of God's innocents; subtle poison may do as well. Tell some one that he who uses the Lord's prayer is by necessity a formalist, or that the Apostles' Creed, which he repeats from the catechism is Romish, and then let him expend his strength, and wear out his life in overcoming the unjust prejudice. Confidence may thus be impaired and work retarded, but he who has nothing more to build upon than the ruin of others, has, after all, a poor foundation. He may, even like Saul of Tarsus, delude himself with the idea that he is doing God service by persecuting the Church, but the spirit of fault-finding and misrepresentation must defeat itself in the end.

## PRISONS.

Governor Hartraut, in his late message, called attention to the over-crowded condition of the Western Penitentiary, and a bill has been introduced into the Legislature by Senator Fisher, providing for an additional institution of the kind, to be located somewhere in the central or southern part of the state. The Governor has certainly merited the commendation of the thinking men of all political parties, by the attention he has given to the reformatory institutions of the Commonwealth over which he presides, and it seems to be conceded that the new penitentiary proposed by Mr. Fisher will in the end result in a great saving of money.

It is not in that view of the case, however, that we refer to the general subject, although it is certain that over-crowded prisons have shown themselves to be very expensive. We wish simply to say that Christian people throughout the land should be interested in the structure and management of prisons, because the moral effect of such institutions depends largely upon the way they are built and conducted. In some cases jails are not only places where disease is engendered, but hotbeds of immorality and vice. The idea of having them so poorly arranged that the young and old, male and female are thrown into one room for the greater part of the time, as is sometimes done, is utterly preposterous; and such want of consideration must help to perpetuate the very evils our prison system is designed to correct. No sheriff can fully guard against this with outward appointments that tempt to crime.

We are not especial advocates for brown-stone fronts, such as are often built to ornament towns and illustrate the pride of counties; nor have we the sentimental feeling, which would protest against placing a criminal below a first-class factory hand. But we do think that every jail, in order to subserve its purpose, should make cleanliness and industry and good morals possible within its walls. It is a poor economy, even looking at the matter in the light of dollars and cents, to allow places established for the restraint and correction of evil doers, to become nurseries of crime.

The best Christian men of this and other lands have been giving great attention to this subject for years, and their testimony, often reduced to the accuracy of statistical tables, shows how much is gained in every way, by buildings, that help to encourage the criminal classes to decency.

## A NEW VARIATION.

"Pound Parties" and "Mum Sociables," according to the N. Y. *Evangelist*, are among the latest devices of the ladies to replenish the treasuries of their societies. At the first, every person is to bring a pound of something, carefully done up, and marked with his or her name. Before the party breaks up, these packages are sold at auction, "unsight, unseen," and the dimes they bring go into the society's fund. At a "Mum Sociable" not a word is to be spoken the first hour; transgressors are visited with a fine, for the benefit of the cause.

This is but a new feature of the system of Fancy Fairs that are doing so much

to strike at the root of all true benevolence. People will give in "ways that are dark," when they would not do it for the cause of Christ, on its own bare merits. Liberality must be titulated by flirtations and fun, and then as much credit is taken as if the contributions were made from principle. "Transgressors are visited with a fine, for the benefit of the cause." If fines could properly be imposed for real improprieties on these occasions, the revenues would be greatly increased. This was illustrated some time ago in a tale we saw in the N. Y. *Observer*. It had been proposed to hold a church fair, but one lady would not consent to it, unless those engaged in it would agree to deposit in a box placed in a dark hall of the building, a sum of money for every wrong feeling indulged in while the bazar was kept open. At the close of the interesting occasion the chest was opened, and the amount of money it contained exceeded that secured by the sales. And then the confessions of willfulness, and jealousies and heart-burnings were painful to read about.

## THE PRINCETON REVIEW.

The *Princeton Review*, which reached us too late for mention among our book notices, enters upon its fifty-fourth year, bright as a youth who has just inherited a large fortune. And that about gives the history of the case. The *Review* has passed into the hands of a Mr. Libby, a gritty young graduate of Princeton living in New York, who has plenty of means at his disposal and has determined to be its patron and issue it Bi-monthly, in the best style regardless of expense. This, rather than the fact that the periodical could sustain itself in such regal style by returns from the subscription list, accounts for its improved outward form, and its more frequent appearance at reduced rates. It is said that Mr. Libby will pick his contributors from all religious denominations, and pay them with a liberality hitherto unknown in religious journalism.

It is annoying to learn that while this well-known periodical is attracting attention by its fine dress, and future prospects of easy influence, there is a skeleton in the closet at home. It appears that when the old and new school Presbyterians became one body, their *Reviews* were consolidated under the title of the *American Presbyterian Quarterly* and *Princeton Review*, with Dr. Atwater of Princeton, and Dr. H. B. Smith, of Union, as editors, and with the understanding that there were to be no changes without the consent of the faculties of the two Theological Seminaries. Rev. J. M. Sherwood succeeded to the co-editorship at the death of Dr. Smith, and was also the publisher. He now complains in a letter to the N. York *Evangelist* that the name of the New School Quarterly has been dropped and that the section of the church which furnished more than half of the subscription list has no representative on the editorial staff. These changes he says have occurred without any consultation, and furnish a cause for grievance. How the matter may end we do not know, but we hope the family difficulties will be settled privately, and that the *Review* will have a higher and broader mission than it ever had before.

The January number is a beautiful specimen of typographical art. The contents are "Divine Retribution," by Francis L. Patton. "The Church and Civil Law in Scotland and America," by Alex. Taylor Innes. "The Eastern Problem," by Daniel S. Gregory. "Catholic Elements in Presbyterianism," by Edward D. Morris. "Christian Theology in its vital form and positive attitude," by Ransom B. Welch. "Genuineness of the Pentateuch," by William Henry Green. "Evolution respecting Man and the Bible," by John T. Duffield. "Conditions of Successful Prayer," by William M. Taylor. "Contemporary Philosophy: Historical," by James McCosh. "Materialism and the Pulpit," by George P. Fisher. "Casuistry: Theological and Legal," by Francis Wharton.

With such talent and such financial backing, the work should not fail.

## MINUTES OF SYNOD.

The advance copies of the English Minutes of the Mother Synod were distributed some weeks ago, which those to whom they have been sent have doubtless received. The German edition is also now ready, advanced copies of which will likewise be distributed through the mail. The Clerks of the several Classes will please apprise us as to the disposition to be made of the copies not distributed through the mail.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Minutes of the Pittsburg Synod. They form a neat and compact pamphlet of forty-six pages, gotten up in a very respectable form. The statistical tables for the year sum up as follows: Classes, 5; Ministers, 52; Congregations, 112; Members, 9,480; Unconfirmed Members, 7,426; Baptisms, 731; Confirmed, 483; Received on Certificate, 213; Communicated, 8,228; Dismissed, 179; Names erased, 26; Deaths, 238; Sunday Schools, 92; Sunday School Scholars, 5,546; Students for the Ministry, 11; General Benevolence, \$5,950.13; Local Objects, \$47,389.68. F.

## "ORPHAN MESSENGER."

Such is the title of an unpretentious little monthly sheet, which it is proposed to issue from the Orphans' Home at Butler, Pa., in the interests of the orphan cause. The first number has been on our table for several days, and while it is by no means free from imperfections in the way of mechanical execution, it contains quite a number of brief articles of interest. The work on it is done by the orphans, and hence improvements may be expected, as proficiency in the printing art shall be approximated and eventually reached. F.

## Notes and Quotes.

The note from Rev. L. C. Edmonds in last week's MESSENGER, was sensible and timely. Although Rev. I. K. Loos, in his letter published some time ago, was animated by a proper desire to furnish proper information to those of our church-members, who may be seeking new homes in distant States, he had, as we think, no design of making land agents out of ministers, or intelligence offices out of Publication Rooms, and we hope that no unreasonable demands will be made in that way. Thus far all communications to our paper have been confined to legitimate bounds, but it is easy to see which way things are likely to drift, and so it may be well enough to anticipate, by saying, that the MESSENGER has no Horace Greeley advice to give in regard to going West. Such movements must be made after all upon individual responsibility, and it may be well enough not to involve pastors too deeply in them, because in case of disappointment those whose counsel has been sought may be unjustly blamed.

## Among the Exchanges.

The following is the closing paragraph of a sensible and suggestive letter written by Rev. Dr. John Hall, to the N. York *Tribune* on "The Church and the Poor."

"Then what ought the Church to do? First of all make up her mind and her means to take care of her own poor. It will be no real reproach to her that she says—as a Masonic society would properly say to an outsider—'We pity you and would gladly aid you if we could, but we must meet our responsibilities toward those who trusted us and for whom we are bound.' Secondly she must, by her nature and functions as a Divine organization in the world, labor to bring the non-evangelized under the influence of that which is her distinctive boast and blessing, if her claim be not an empty pretence. She must teach—teach—teach. She will teach best when she keeps the temporal and the spiritual as separate as possible—so separate as to reduce to a minimum the temptation to assume the unctuous phraseology of goodness for a temporary object, and as far as possible to avoid the demoralization and permanent dependence of her disciples. Her reliable results—I do not say her temporary showing will commonly be the greatest where her language practically is, 'I offer you the truth, and that only.' 'But,' it may be said, 'will not the Church's assuming the burden of her poor do the very thing deprecated, namely, encourage hollow profession?' Our answer is: Only just so far as the Church is unfaithful and ineffective. If she does her duty and teaches, among her lessons there will be: 'Study to be quiet and to do your own business.' 'He that will not work neither should he eat,' and such magnificent appeals as this—which only a Divine religion could address



to a thief—'Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.' The maximum of right Church teaching will bring the minimum of idle and culpable dependence. So let all 'Sewing' and 'Employment' societies, all 'Helping Hands,' and 'Mothers' Meetings,' all 'Dorcas' sisterhoods, and whatever other gentle agencies Christian feeling has evoked, ply their tasks with utmost diligence, remembering that good abiding results will be in the degree in which *truth as truth, truth apart from temporalities*, reaches the springs of human action, and moves boys and girls to be 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

The Press, which has, under its new editor, become a paper noted for the strength and variety of its contents, has an Eastern correspondent, who, in a letter dated Constantinople, Dec. 12, gives a most interesting account of the effect produced among the Christian residents of the Turkish capital by an effort to engage them in the war. The letter shows some new phases of things, and our ministerial readers at least will thank us for transferring a large part of it to our columns. It says:

The Imperial decree for the enrolment of the Christians of the capital in the Civic Guard has given rise to great excitement. If the project had reference exclusively to local defence, it might not be so objectionable, but it is well understood to be a mere pretence for drafting the Christians into the regular army for general service. Heretofore they have been exempt from military service on condition of payment of a fixed tax. As all the non-Musulman communities maintain relations with the Porte exclusively through their religious chiefs, the *irade*, or Imperial rescript was addressed to them for the purpose of giving it execution. These communities are the Orthodox Greeks, the Orthodox Armenians, Bulgarian, Armenian Catholic, Latin Catholic, Armenian Protestant, Israelitish. The answer made by the Greek Patriarch on the part of his people was characterized by the craftiness of that race. They were grateful for the protection of the government and the honor done them; were ready to defend the Empire, &c., &c., but (and here was the stumbling block) they insisted—first, that the Christians should be formed into regiments by themselves, with their own officers; second, that only persons between twenty and forty years of age should be subject to conscription; third, that the service should be confined to Constantinople; fourth that a declaration should be made, that the war was not waged for the defence of the Mussulman faith, but for the Empire; that the inscription, "God is great, and Mohammed is His Prophet," should be removed from the battle-flags; for it would not answer for the Turks and Christians to have two different flags, nor the latter to fight under an exclusively Mohammedan one. As this representation was supported by the ambassadors of the Great Powers, it upset the whole plan. The propositions could not be acceded to without setting the Mussulman population in a fanatical frenzy. The Grand Vizier wisely backed out of it by a promise of reconsideration.

With the Gregorian or Orthodox Armenians the excitement was yet greater. They are the richest of the Christian populations of Turkey, and distinguished for their intelligence, enterprise, sobriety of life, and capacity for every pursuit. They are over 3,000,000 strong. They are the bankers of the Sultan, the pashas, and the government, and they are the money-lending capitalists of the country. They are dispersed all over the world. Some of them are the most eminent diplomatists and generals of Russia. Wherever they are, in the Old or New World, they are sure to succeed by their sagacity, integrity, and frugal habits. When, on the 7th inst., they gathered in their churches to discuss the Imperial decree, they found on the walls this stirring appeal:

"To the Armenian People! Arise, Armenians! Summon up your courage; for they seek to tear your dear sons from the bosom of their families, and to drag them to the bloody fields of battle, and exterminate our nation. Fear not! Do not let them hurry them to a premature death. No, no. The Armenian blood should not be uselessly shed. We have suffered for ages under the insatiable sword of barbarians; incalculable miseries and wrongs have we endured; for the first time our importance is recognized, but it is too late. We cannot fight for our own degradation. If we ought to support the government, let us do it with money, not with soldiers. Before this or further sacrifices can be required of us, let the government put the Christians on a footing of perfect equality with the Mohammedans; let it give us liberty in all things, execute the constitution, and treat us as a free people. Slaves cannot be expected to rivet their own chains! Let such be our answer!"

The reading of this spirited address kindled such a dangerous state of feeling, that the Patriarch ordered it to be removed before the religious services were permitted to proceed. In the assembly of Armenian notables, with the Patriarch presiding, a similar answer to that of the Greeks was drawn up and sent to the Porte, coupled with demands for exemption from military tax, promotion to the highest military and civic grades, &c. These two leading Christian communities showed such firmness, that the Porte rescinded the decree, fearing lest persistence might provoke a rebellion.

Curiously enough, when this storm was raging among the Christians, one of the *Ulemas*, who ranks as a prophet, published a pamphlet, in which he proved, from text on text from the Koran, that arms could not be put in the hands of Gaiours to fight for the faith—that it would be a sacrilege for them to combat for the sacred cause of the Prophet, &c. He put his arguments with such force, and backed them up with such an array of convincing citations from the Koran, that the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself declared he would not sanction the *irade* with his *fatwa*. As no law can go into operation until it has been stamped with the *fatwa*, or approval of the Mussulman Pontiff, this ended the matter.

The Ledger thinks it is time to revoke certain privileges given to people who get drunk, and discourses thus upon the subject:

"It is gradually coming to the sense of the community, that there is one person who has continually granted him by custom, and by the criminal courts, the immunity that by the criminal courts, to kings and kings' ancient prerogative gave to kings and kings'

favorites—the power to do whatever he pleases, irrespective of consequences—and that, possibly, for the welfare of society, he has had this privilege quite long enough. 'The man who drinks,' habitually, and to excess, is this privileged person. If he desires to commit an assault, a crime against the person or property of another, to revenge himself on man or woman, or to give free rein to any passion that may chance to move him, all that he has to do, is to put himself into this condition of privilege, and then it is held that the law allows it, and the Court doth grant it to him as an excuse. If he can be shown to have failed to prepare himself, by remaining in the natural state of self-control of a human being over brute impulses or the passions of jealousy or revenge, he is excluded from the privileged condition. The law sets itself then to examining in his case the provocation he may have received, the mitigating circumstances of youth, or ignorance, or previous good behaviour.

The spirit of modern penal law, except in considering capital offenses, has been so far tempered by Christianity as to have traveled a long way from the Mosaic idea of retaliatory punishment. No longer an eye for an eye, and not always a life for a life, is required of the offender, and if the excitement of popular indignation is naturally reflected in the verdict, the bench holds the balance of justice, and is bound to give due weight to the circumstances out of which crimes grow. The welfare of society, maintained by removing dangerous persons from the power to harm it, the example which is thus set to others by way of warning, and the correction of the criminal himself, are the points to be considered, and not, in any case, is the social position of the offender permitted to add to or lighten the gravamen of his crime.

But if the punishment no longer be vindictive, it should at least be prohibitory. It should so endeavor to reach the motive springs that control every man's action that in every case his previous judgment may be brought to bear upon what he is about to do. The man who drinks himself into a quarrelsome or vindictive state, has one point of departure in which he is quite clear as to what he is about to do. It is before he muddles his brain and inflames his combativeness that the consideration of the future may be held out to reach him. He is reasonably and morally sure, as it is now, that in view of the fact he was not then himself. If he could be as reasonably sure that the penalty would be administered with all the greater force, because he was not himself at the time, he would have a very strong inducement to remain himself all the time. By a new application of 'local option,' the case could be pre-judged.

The sentimental habit of regarding intoxication as condonation of offences, may be thought to gain some strength from that position of medical science, which treats alcoholism as a disease, possibly inherited, certainly aggravated by the patient's own act. But the remedies suggested by medical science in themselves are prohibitory, withdrawing the inebriate from society. Both science and law are bound to protect society from the spread of disease, and the first consideration is not the offending individual, but the welfare of society. The prohibitory method of the added penalty, however, includes both, for it is equally a gain to give a man the highest inducement to abstain from what will make him criminal, as it is to give society the benefit of his enforced restraint or of his self-control. When a sentence shall read, thus much for the crime itself, and this for the intoxication that led to it, there will certainly be no temptation for any man to plead drunkenness to prove an alibi for his brains."

## Church News.

### OUR OWN CHURCH.

#### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

An interesting Christmas festival was held by the Millersburg Sunday School, in the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach. The services occupied two evenings, and consisted of prayer, recitations, dialogues, and addresses by the scholars, interspersed with appropriate anthems and hymns. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Dr. Leinbach and Professor A. S. Weber, of Palatine College. A large audience was present on both occasions, and the deepest possible interest was manifested. A decidedly good impression, it is believed, was produced. The school is much indebted to the Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, and the organist, Mr. Levi Dunkel, for the services they so freely and generously rendered towards making the enterprise a success.

Communion services were held in the church at Sunbury, Pa., of which the Rev. C. S. Gerhardt is pastor, on the first Sunday after Epiphany. The pastor was assisted by Rev. C. U. Heilman, who preached three interesting and instructive sermons, taking as his theme by request, on Sunday evening, "The Liturgical and Theological Institutions of the Reformed Church." Two persons were added to the church by certificate, and two others, formerly members of the Evangelical Association, by confirmation. In response to the appeal of the Board of Missions, the alms, \$9.00, were given towards the relief of our suffering missionaries. The church still wears its holiday attire. The decorations, though not very elaborate, are very neat and beautiful. On Christmas morning, services were held in the church at the regular hour, and an interesting children's service in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, at which a collection was taken up amounting to \$76, for the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf.

The Christmas festival in the Manheim congregation, Lancaster county, Pa., of which the Rev. L. F. Zinkhan is pastor, was a very pleasant and happy occasion. The exercises were interspersed with sweet singing, conducted by the choir and the Sunday school, in which excellent culture and discipline were evinced. Addresses were delivered by Professors Stahr and Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College. A number of gifts were distributed, in which the chorister, the organist, and the Superintendent of the infant department of the school were appropriately remembered. The pastor himself was not forgotten. He received among other useful gifts, a purse containing more than \$30 and a handsome silver communion set. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The post-office address of the pastor is Manheim, and not Maytown, Lancaster county, Pa., as given in the Clerical Register appended to the Almanac.

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Christmas and New Year season was properly improved by the church at Gettysburg, Pa., of which the Rev. Dr. M. Kieffer is pastor. The usual festivities were observed. The decorations were in keeping with the occasion. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered on the second Sunday after Christmas. Eleven persons were added to the church, nine by confirmation and two on certificate. The pastor expresses the hope, that these evergreens will be an ornament to the church for many years.

The church at Hanover, York county, Pa., of which the Rev. Dr. W. K. Zieher is pastor, has, during the past summer and fall, been undergoing some extensive repairs. It has been very materially altered and enlarged, and greatly beautified both internally and externally. It has an imposing front and handsomely decorated windows, filled out with stained glass, ornate and embellished with appropriate designs and mottoes. The pews, church and altar arrangements have been refitted, and all completed in such a way as to add to the comfort of the worshippers, and aid them in their devotions. An elaborate description of the various improvements is published in "The Hanover Herald" of the 12th instant. They cost about \$4000, all of which has been provided for, so that the church was re-dedicated on the 13th of January. Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee, of Mercersburg, preached the sermon. Rev. E. R. Eschbach, W. E. Krebs, Jacob Sechler, and W. F. Colliflower, were also present, and participated in the services. A quartette from the Institution at Lancaster, assisted in the music. Services with the Sunday School were held in the afternoon, when the School was addressed by the Rev. W. E. Krebs. The Rev. E. R. Eschbach preached in the evening. The whole was an occasion of much interest and joy to the congregation, as well as the pastor.

The Christmas festival was appropriately celebrated by Trinity Reformed Church, Waynesboro, Pa., Rev. F. F. Bahner, pastor. In the forenoon, divine services were held, and the pastor preached on St. John 1:14th, to a large congregation. He was assisted in these services by Rev. Mr. Bergstrasser, of the Lutheran Church. In the evening, the Sunday-school held a festival, which was largely attended, and proved to all present, an occasion of more than usual interest. The church was beautifully decorated, and presented quite a festive appearance. The exercises of the evening consisted of appropriate Scripture readings, the singing of suitable Christmas selections, and an address by the pastor on "The fact and significance of the infancy of Jesus."

#### SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

The Sunday School of Zion's Valley church, Armstrong county, Pa., Rev. John McConnell, pastor, held an interesting festival on Christmas evening. The church was handsomely and appropriately decorated for the occasion. A large and deeply interested audience was present. The services were opened by the pastor, and continued by the Rev. A. K. Kline and M. H. Diefenderfer. They consisted of singing of hymns and anthems, repetition of the Creed, Scripture readings, distribution of gifts, and lighting of the Christmas tree. The gifts were distributed by the superintendent of the School, A. Klingensmith, to the several classes, as they approached the altar to deposit their offerings for the Orphans' Home at Butler, Pa. The pastor was also appropriately remembered by the congregation. A package of considerable size was presented to him through the Rev. A. K. Kline, whose remarks elicited an appropriate and grateful response.

#### WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with the recent communion in the West Alexandria, Ohio, charge, Rev. H. M. Herman, pastor, eleven persons were added to the church, four of whom received adult baptism.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Caesar Creek church, Ohio, Rev. G. W. H. Smith, pastor, on the last Sunday in December. Twenty-nine persons were added to the church by confirmation, sixteen of whom received adult baptism.

#### EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

In our notice of the dedication of St. Mark's Church in this city, in our last issue we said the mission had become a self-sustaining congregation. This language, on a further review, we find to be liable to make an erroneous impression. What we meant to say was, that the mission had become disconnected from the mother congregation. It is still a missionary congregation, and receives some aid from the Board of Missions.

## Religious Miscellany.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH PEWS.—The sale of pews in Mr. Beecher's Church, on the 8th inst., brought \$84,171, which with the rentals, makes the income for the year, \$36,922, as against \$47,396 last year. Mr. Beecher remitted \$5,000 of his salary, and now receives \$15,000.

A NEW ENCYCLOPICAL LETTER.—The Greek Patriarch of Constantinople has issued an encyclical letter, inviting the Orthodox Greek Christians to form a part of the civil guard of the city. The letter has been approved by the Porte. The Sultan has chosen five Christian members of the civic guards as aides-de-camp. This, taken in connection with the letter we quote from the Press on the general subject, makes an interesting chapter.

ORTHODOXY AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—Private advices from Geneva, says the *Christian Union*, show that the Rationalist party in the National Church are contriving a law to the effect that whenever a pastor wishes to place a substitute in his pulpit, he shall apply to the Consistory, who will send him a man. This is designed to interfere with the Evangelical pastors, who have been accustomed to exchange pulpits with each other, and otherwise to aid each other in their work. There is little doubt that the law will prevail, as universal suffrage at Geneva is found to vary constantly on the anti-religious side on all church questions.

BISHOPS ELECT IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Dr. J. H. Eccleston declines the Episcopate of West Virginia, to which he was recently elected. He prefers to remain in Trinity Parish, Newark, N. J., of which he is rector. Dr. G. F. Seymour, of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has written a letter to Dr.

Houghton of New York, disclaiming any sympathy with the statements of Dr. Hopkins made in a recent letter to the *New York Tribune*, in regard to "The Triumphs of Ritualism." Dr. Seymour's election as Bishop of Springfield, Illinois, has not yet been confirmed by the Church at large. The Standing Committee of the Diocese of California, have just voted in his favor, but the party lines, which the *Churchman* said were entirely obliterated at the late Congress, will be apt to be clearly drawn before the case is decided. In 1874 the General Convention rejected Dr. Seymour when elected Bishop of Illinois, on account of his "high churchism."

WHAT THE ONE HUNDRED BELIEVE.—The *Congregationalist* has interviewed one hundred ministers, asking whether there has been a departure in the Congregational body from the old faith in regard to the endless punishment of the wicked; and whether belief in future punishment should in all cases be insisted upon as prerequisite to ordination. The result is as follows: Too sick to write, 1 per cent; silent for personal reasons, 1 per cent; silent, but from no sympathy with error 1 per cent; silent from doubt of wisdom of such questions, 2 per cent; failed to receive circular, 2 per cent; no notice taken of circular, 5 per cent; think there has been no departure of consequence, within their observation, from the old paths, 74 per cent. (of whom 35 are in N. E., 7 from the Middle States, and 32 from the West); think there has been more or less considerable modification of the old faith, 14 per cent. (of whom 8 are in N. E., 3 from the Middle States, and 3 from the West); think that the belief in future punishment should be insisted on in all cases of ordination, 71 per cent. (of whom 33 are from N. E., 8 from the Middle States, and 30 from the West); inconceivable cases might vote to ordain a man not accepting the doctrine, 14 per cent. (of whom 7 are from N. E., 3 from the Middle States, and 4 from the West); would clearly have voted for Mr. Merriman, 3 per cent. (of whom 2 are from N. E., and 1 from the West).

THE QUESTION OF UNFERMENTED WINE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, having strongly condemned the use of unfermented wine in the administration of the Lord's Supper, as contrary to the law of the church, a legal opinion has been asked in regard to the liability of a clergyman of the diocese who disregards the bishop's order. The points submitted were the following: (1) Is there any law or canon which requires holy communion to be administered in the fermented juice of the grape? (2) Is the administration in unfermented wine a breach of the law of the church, or of the law of the land? (3) Has the bishop of the diocese the power to prohibit the administering of the holy communion in unfermented wine? (4) What penalty would the rector incur if he took no notice of the bishop's prohibition, and continued to use the unfermented juice of the grape? Dr. A. J. Stephens, Queen's Counsel, has given the opinion that the Prayer-Book does not lay down accurately the nature of the wine to be used, yet that the courts might hold that the Bishop of Lincoln's interpretation was right.

## Married.

On the 3d of Jan., 1878, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. James Grant, Mr. Thompson McDonald, to Miss Catharine Hoffman, all of Mahoning Township, Armstrong Co., Pa.

On the 15th inst., at the house of the bride's mother, by Rev. B. Bauman, D. D., assisted by Rev. C. F. McCaully, D. D., G. Benton Beaver, to Miss Gertrude Ermentrout, both of Reading, Pa.

## Obituaries.

DIED.—In Butler Township, Butler county, Pa., January 6th, 1878, Elder Samuel Dersheimer, aged 69 years and 24 days.

Father Dersheimer came to Butler from Luzerne Co., Pa., about forty years ago, and grew up with the country. He was a member of the Lutheran church, until the year 1846, when he, with a number of others, came to the conclusion to organize a Reformed congregation, and build a church, in which they might worship God more agreeably to themselves. They went to work, and what is now known as the Henshaw charge composed of two congregations, one English and the other German, worshipping in the Church then built. He served as an Elder with honor to himself and the English Zion's congregation, as well as the whole church, respected and loved by his brethren in Christ.

I visited him frequently during his sickness. At times, and especially toward the last, his sufferings were very severe; yet he murmured not. On Sunday, Dec. 30th, after the congregation had partaken of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the church, we repaired to his bedside, and administered this most comfortable sacrament to him, in the presence of his family. It was indeed a solemn season. Many tears were shed, not of grief, but of joy, while we bowed in prayer with him, as requested by him, twice after receiving the sacrament.

On the 6th of January, between seven and eight o'clock, A. M., he fell quietly asleep in Jesus, that blessed sleep from which none ever wakes to weep. On Monday, one o'clock, P. M., we conveyed his remains to the cemetery at the Henshaw church, attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, where we laid him in the grave to sleep until the morning of the general resurrection of the dead. The pastor then preached a suitable sermon, from 1 Thess. 4: 13 and 14 verses. Rev. T. F. Stauffer, former supply pastor, assisted in the services. A wife and seven children mourn his departure. Peace to his ashes! W. B. S.

DIED.—On the 7th of Jan., in Centre Twp., Columbia Co., Pa., Miss Anna Miller, aged 50 years, 4 months and 13 days.

This sister was truly the daughter of affliction. During the last five years, her frail body was the victim of that relentless disease, cancer, which, true to its nature, prosecuted its work of death slowly but surely. In her sore afflictions she was resigned; in her waiting for the coming of her Lord, patient; and in her death, triumphant. In her early life she was educated and confirmed, and remained faithful to her covenant vows to the end. For her the friends need not mourn as those who have no hope. Thankful that her sufferings are now over, we are happy in the belief that she has gone to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. A. H.

DIED.—In Millin Twp., Dauphin Co., Pa., Jan. 10th, 1878, Susanna, wife of Daniel Weaver, aged 67 years, 9 months and 19 days.

DIED.—Jany. 13th, in Strawnstown, Berks Co., Pa., Christiana Heister, wife of Thomas Heister, and mother of Revs. J. E. and E. E. Heister, aged 75 years, 6 months and 8 days.

DIED.—On the 10th inst., of diphtheria, Mary Ellen, daughter of John Weaver, of Upper Tinticum, aged 15 years, 1 month and 5 days.

Miss Weaver was early consecrated to God in holy baptism and was brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. The precious truths of the Gospel, formulated in the Heidelberg Catechism, were deeply lodged in her heart, and her faith was a living one, not without works. She was received into full communion with the Reformed church, at Upper Tinticum, April 7th, 1877, and proved a faithful and exemplary member. Before the cares and anxieties of

life pressed upon her, she was called from a good home on earth to a better one in heaven. She is now missed in the family, in the church, in the Sunday-school and in a large circle of friends. May the beloved family find comfort in the words of the Lord Jesus Christ (from which the sermon was preached by the pastor): "She is not dead, but asleepeth." R.

## Acknowledgments.

### ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

Received from Mount Union cong, Plum Creek charge, one bag of nuts, per Rev M. H. Diefenderfer, no est sent  
Ritter and Ralston, Butler, Pa, 40 boxes of candy, Christmas gift, no est sent  
Mrs. Magdalena Marten, Clarion Co, Pa, a Christmas present for each inmate of the Home  
Eli Henshue, per Rev W B Sandoe, oats, est \$1 12  
Mrs C A Limberg, Christmas presents, no est  
St Jacob's S School, New Lisbon charge, Ohio, per Rev J T Hale, small box of clothing, no est  
Mr Hoover, Red Bank charge, per Rev J B Thompson, one pair shoes, est 2 00  
One box clothing, donor unknown, no est CASH  
St Jacob's S School, New Lisbon, Ohio, per Rev J T Hale 10 15  
St Petersburg S School, per Rev Schulerberger 20 46  
Henshue charge, Butler Co, Pa, per Rev W B Sandoe, viz: W B Sandoe, 50c; Mrs Nancy Sandoe, 25c; W W Brandon, 50c; J J Dufford, 25c; A O Eberhart, \$2.00; Frank B Draggoo, 25c; 3 75  
Orphan Home box  
Sugar Creek charge, per Rev J W Alspaugh, viz: Christmas collection, St Paul's cong 11 93  
New Year's collection, St John's cong 12 85  
Mrs Aldinger, St Paul's cong, (special) 5 00  
Philip Daubeyspeck, St Paul's cong, (special) 100 00  
Brady's Bend Refd cong, per Rev C A Limberg 2 75  
Ref S School, Scottsdale, Pa, per Rev S A Beam 2 50  
Mary E Biechouse, St Petersburg, Pa 1 50  
Hollis Biechouse, St Petersburg, Pa 1 50  
Rev J H Stepler 1 00  
Zion charge, per Rev H F Keener 5 28  
Zwingli charge, Iowa, per Rev F C Bauman 2 00  
\$187 19  
B. Wolff, Jr., Treasurer, Craig St., Pittsburg.

### ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Read from an unknown friend, calico \$0 75  
Enterprise Colliery, Excelsior, Pa, 1 car coal, 4.02 tons 12 50  
Great Swamp ch, Montgomery Co, C Z Weiser, D D, per N C Roeder 45 23  
Rev D Rothrock 1 10  
St John's Ref S Sch, Lebanon, T S Johnston, D D 18 00  
Cong and S Sch, Hanover, Pa, W K Zieher, D D, per Henry Wirt 100 00  
Ref S Sch, Hagerstown, Md, Rev J S Kieffer, per D C Hammond 7 37  
Ed, Nora Lily Hilliard, savings, per do 1 50  
Clark Kieffer, savings, per do 1 40  
\$187 85  
D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

### CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received from Rev J O Johnson, Schuylkill Haven, Pa, \$5, and Rev H P Keener, Berlin, Pa, \$5, contributed by their congregation for the use of the Iowa Classis, Rev D S Fouse, Treasurer. \$10 00  
GEO. GELBACH, Treasurer.

### ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Received per Rev S R Fisher, from Christ Ref ch, Phila, collection at Christmas Festival \$17 17  
per do, from Rev J D Detrick, contributed by Whittemarsh S S, \$5.55, and Whittemarsh congregation, \$10 15 55  
\$32 72  
W. D. Gross, Treas.

### LETTER LIST.

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Young, F J, Yeich, W R.  
Zimmerman, S P, Zebry, B F, Zehring, Rev J D, (2), Zacharias, W J, Zahm, B J, Zinkhan, Rev L F.

## A VALUABLE MAP.

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## Youth's Department.

## WISHES.

BY SCOTT CAMPBELL.

I used to wish I was a bird,  
Last summer when the days were long;  
With nothing else at all to do,  
But fly about and sing a song.

And in the drowsy afternoons  
I even wished I were a sheep,  
Then I should have no bothering books,  
But lie among the grass and sleep.

I even thought I'd like to be  
A gorgeous bright-winged butterfly,  
To idly float in shining air,  
Or in the flower cups to lie.

But now the winter time has come,  
And all is frost, and cold, and drear;  
The trees are bare, the hillside bleak,  
How warm and bright and pleasant here.

And see the birdie's bare, cold feet,  
While I am all so warmly dressed.  
And hear the shivering lambs bleat,  
Ah! God is good, and knoweth best.

The butterfly! O where is he?  
Poor thing, he perished long ago:  
And buried with my lovely flowers,  
Is covered deep and white with snow.

Poor birds, and sheep, and butterflies,  
I'm glad my wishes can't be true.  
I'll take my books and study hard,  
Much better be a boy than you.

For The Messenger.

## CHRISTMAS IN BALTIMORE.

Well, little people, Christmas is over, and Aunt Hetty hopes you all had a nice time, in the town and in the country, and if you will come and sit awhile beside her, she will tell you something about Christmas in Baltimore. But Baltimore is such a large city, that it would take her so many evenings to tell about it; for there are the stores and markets all trimmed with pine and full of pretty things, and the streets like a grand holiday, and crowds of people walking up and down buying gifts; the horses full of bells, and little bunches of evergreens about their ears, and the street cars all fine with little Christmas trees perched up in front—yes, it would take too long to tell about that, so she will tell you about one place in the city where they had a real nice time, and that was in the new mission school in the part of Baltimore called "Old Town," because it was built before the western part, where we have a mission school, too, which is called St. Paul's, and belongs to Dr. Gans' congregation; but this other one was established by Mr. Rossiter, and isn't one year old yet.

It is getting along nicely, and the scholars come so regularly and behave so well, that the minister said they should have a Christmas tree, and gifts on Christmas eve, when he intended to hold services.

Well, the place is an old Swedenborgian church that we rent by the year; it was rather a shabby place, with a good many broken windows, that had to be pasted up to keep the cold air out, and those that were not broken were all daubed with brown paint, but the best we could afford was to keep it clean and warm, until we found out that some things can be done without money, for when they found out there was to be a Christmas festival, a party of girls and boys agreed that the windows must be made ready, and so they came for several afternoons and worked hard as could be, scraping off the old paint, washing the windows clear and clean, and then painting them white, so they looked frosted, and the light was pleasanter coming in that way. So this much was sure of, but how were we to do the rest! There were so many things to get, and so little money—for it takes all we can collect to pay for coal and the rent, and buy a few books and papers. But everybody seemed full of it and willing to do.

One young man said he would print the cards, and sure enough he did make several hundred copies of two beautiful carols, so we were sure about the singing. Then a party of young men said they would go to the country for evergreens to trim the church, and some of the neighbors offered to loan clothes lines to tack the garlands on, so no rope would have to be bought. A gentleman promised to give the tree, and some ladies up town said they would give pretty things to put on it, and everybody agreed to get what they could in the way of donations, and to come and work.

Well, it would just have done your little hearts good to have seen the way the pine and laurel was piled up in the vestibule a week before Christmas! It smelled just like the woods, and such a time as we had working up the evergreens! That is a busy time and a nice time. The little people worked hard too, for, you know, there are so many things they can do. It just takes little fingers to bunch evergreen and hand it to the big people to wrap, and some way they have a fashion of finding the prettiest sprays for the letters, beside untwisting wire and wrapping-twine, and I don't know what all. And such talks on the garlands; all about Christmas time and Kriss Kingle. One little boy told Aunt Hetty that deed he knew there was a Kriss Kingle, "because he broke his old pipe in our fire-place last Christmas," the little fellow said. Was not that funny? I guess old Santa had his hands and back so full of toys and dolls, that when his pipe fell he couldn't stoop and hadn't anything to pick it up with.

Now, the Saturday before Christmas, while we were all busy as bees, what should be brought in but a box from some people in Frederick. And what do you think was in it? Why, the infant school in Frederick had sent some gifts to our poor children, and when Aunt Hetty opened it, what should she do, but sit right down on a heap of pine and cry, because she was so pleased at what the little ones had done. They had sent little things, such as they had, and the gifts were like pearls and diamonds, because they were pure offerings from kind little hearts, and Aunt Hetty wouldn't have sold one of them, if it would have bought a whole string of pearls.

I can't tell what all was in the box, but there were three cunning red apples tied together, and little bundles of candies all through the other things, and the cutest little tea set you ever saw, with cups no bigger than a thimble, and plates about the size of a mint lozenge; with a cream pitcher like an acorn, and a teapot like a hickory nut with a stem to it, and one child sent a bright silver quarter in a tarlatan bag that had been kept from last Christmas—that helped to buy the candles for our tree.

When Christmas eve came, you never saw anything so changed as the old church. Why, it was just as if it had had its face and hands washed, and then dressed up in Sunday clothes. There were garlands of evergreen hanging everywhere; trailing pines and mosses festooned the windows and pretty banners hung between, while on each side the pulpit were arches that bordered dark green banners with beautiful white letters on them, saying, "We have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him." Above all was the word "Bethlehem," in large red letters, edged with moss.

But the tree, O the tree! Aunt Hetty has seen a good many, but none so beautiful. It was shaped like a great pine cone, and reached from the floor to the ceiling, where a bright star hung over the top. All over it were streamers of different colors, and on these in white letters were "Morning Star," "Christ Child," and many other names that belong to the Lord Jesus. So many had given things for the tree, that it was crowded, and in front were white banners with gilt letters on them. And O the goodies! There were presents for all the children and any little stranger that might happen to be in the church.

The little ones began to come two whole hours before the time. They couldn't stay away at all, and when all was ready to begin, you ought to have seen what Aunt Hetty saw. You see, the little organ was under one side of the tree, and there were all the faces before her. Well, there were all kinds; some happy as you please, with bright bonnets on and pretty furs around them; but these were only a few. Most of the faces were just filled with wonder, for many of these children had never seen anything half so beautiful, and didn't have any tree at home, and hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Some poor little heads were tied up in old veils, because they had no bonnets, and some faces looked as if they had been cold

ever since they were babies, and had never gotten warm, and some looked real hungry. But they were all glad, I know, and sang with all their might, and these children sing beautifully every Sunday.

All in among the branches were little candles, but we didn't have money to buy expensive ones, so we had to get small ones, that only burned twenty minutes before they went out, so the tree was not lighted until half the carols were sung, and that was a surprise. The children didn't know the tapers were there, and as they began to shine out one by one among the branches and down upon the up-turned faces, it was a picture to see. Just as it was all lighted, they sang,

"Tis all alight, with its tapers' glow,  
That flash on the shining eyes below,  
And the strange sweet fruit on each branch laden,  
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.  
O this beautiful tree, with branches wide,  
Is always blooming at Christmas-tide."

Each child received a pretty cornucopia filled with candies, and a paper bag of nuts and cakes, with other little presents.

A sad-faced little girl, with a broken back, got the tea set, and when it was given her, she just smiled a little bit and hugged it up tight as she could. She is the timid little thing with a pale face and such poor clothes, but she was happy as a queen, and I guess she has been playing tea party ever since, for she looked up, smiled again, and just said, "O MY!"

After the Advent hymn and benediction, all went home, and although the streets were all so full of bright stores and lights, and bells were ringing and horns blowing, Aunt Hetty couldn't hear anything but the Christmas carols all the way, and in every shop window she saw a church and a lighted Christmas tree, with a crowd of little faces looking up at it and shining with the light from it, and among the boughs she saw a Christ-Kindlein, and heard Him say something about "the little children."

AUNT HETTY.

## HORSE-SHOEING.

In the United States, England and France, the horse-shoer simply takes the horse's foot on his knee to shoe it. This depends to some extent on the nature of the breed of horses, which in some countries are, on the average, more shy, and most of them could not well be treated in this way. Thus, in the Netherlands, and in parts of Germany, the horse is placed in a narrow stall, where short chains are attached to the uprights; then one of these chains is placed around the horse's ankle and the foot lifted and tied up to a convenient height for the smith to do his work. In Turkey and Servia the horse's head is held by one man, another holds the leg on his arm, while the third operates on the foot. In Russia the horse is placed in a square cage, made of rough wooden planks, and is strapped around the belly with wide leather straps attached to cross bars of framework; his head is also safely tied, the foot is fixed to a stake in the ground and is held by an assistant, while the smith nails on the shoe.

## THE STINGING TREE.

Though the tropical scrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire, as, if a certain proportion of any one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be safe to pass through fires as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet, in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, and having a point at the top, is jagged all round, the edge like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveler, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its

smell, and have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched is tender, in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man, who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony, after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad, after getting into a grove of the trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see and seriously imperiling one's ankles. This scrub is usually found growing among palm trees."

## JACK FROST'S FLOWERS.

BY SUSIE M. DAY.

King Winter sat on his glittering throne,  
In his palace of ice and snow,  
And listened to hear what his sons had done,  
In the wide earth lying below.

Then first spake the oldest, the North Wind bold,  
And his voice was piercing and clear:  
"I brought from the North Pole plenty of cold,  
And I scattered it far and near!"

Then the Northwest Wind, he laughed as he cried,  
"When frozen and hard was the earth,  
I gathered the clouds, and opening them wide  
Out tumbled the snow-flakes in mirth!"

Then growled out the East Wind, surly and gruff:  
"When the snow lay so smooth and white  
I made an ice-storm, and slippery enough  
Are the fields and the streets to-night!"

King Winter laughed loud, so merry was he;  
His sons had all pleased him right well;  
But how does it happen there are but three?  
Has Jack Frost no story to tell?

"He is my youngest, my pet and my pride,  
And I love to hear of his jokes;  
How he capers about on every side  
And teases the dear little folks;

"How he pinches children's noses and ears,  
And makes them all rosy and cold;  
He laughs when they cry, and freezes their tears,  
And plays tricks with young and with old."

"Ah! there is my Jack! But what does it mean?  
He looks very sober and sad;  
Such a pitiful face I never have seen,  
He's always so merry and glad!"

"Speak up like a man, Jack Frost, and be brave!  
What may be the matter with you?  
Whatever you want you surely may have,  
Now speak out without more ado!"

"Father," he whimpered, "I'd fallen in love  
With a rose, a beautiful flower;  
She stood in a window, the street above,  
And I watched her many an hour."

"When nobody looked I crept through the door  
And kissed softly her petals red;  
She faded and drooped, was lovely no more,  
But hung brown, and frozen, and dead!"

"I kissed another as sweet by her side,  
As gently as zephyr in May,  
And whispered, I love you! Oh, be my bride!  
But dead like her sister she lay."

"Then I knew a flower could never be mine,  
And I wept for my lovely rose;  
I walked homeward quite sad, and children nine  
I passed, and pinched never a nose!"

King Winter looked grave, and said, "My dear Jack,  
Though foolish yourself you have shown,  
And I cannot give you the roses back,  
You shall have some flowers of your own."

"Kiss softly the windows of many a room  
When the world is asleep to-night!  
Wherever you go fair flowers will bloom,  
Lovely blossoms, not red, but white."

When the north wind blows and makes it so cold,  
In our quiet slumbering hours  
He journeys about; next morning, behold!  
On the glass are the Jack-Frost flowers!

—Christian Union.

## THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING.

On the fifth of September, 1639, in the Faubourg St. Germain, of Paris, then a little village surrounding the palace of King Louis XIII., was crowded the blue blood of France. Around that royal home of the Kings of France had gathered all that was noble, all that was great in the land, in honor of the birth of a child to the King. In an ante-chamber within the palace the Bishops of the Church were waiting to christen the child on its birth. Soon a nurse entered the room, bearing the child upon a pillow, and, kneeling, she said, "Sire, it is my honor to bring you this son and heir." The proud King carried the babe to an open window, and addressing the waiting multitudes, exclaimed, "My son, gentlemen, my son!" The bells

rang, the people shouted, and for a week France was wild with joy. The 19th of March, 1812, 173 years later, was the eve of another great birth-day in France. The little Corsican, the man of destiny, was on the throne. He had put away one wife and taken another, and the birth of a child was expected. Twenty-one guns were to be fired if a daughter was born, 100 if the child was a boy. On the 20th of March, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the booming of cannon was heard. All Paris waited and listened. When the twenty-second gun was heard a mighty shout arose, and there was great rejoicing in every part of France. The dynasty of Bonaparte had a son and heir. It is impossible, men and brethren, as we come together this morning to celebrate the anniversary of another birth, that the contrast between that one and these should be overlooked. There was no royalty in Bethlehem; the palace was a stable, the cradle was a manger, but what a contrast paid to Him born at that time by a whole world for 18 centuries. The child born in St. Germain was Louis XIV., the Grand King, who ruled for many years, who first said: "I am the State." But he lived to see that the sun of his dynasty was setting. The other son died ere he had reached man's estate, obscure and neglected. Five years after the guns had fired in honor of his birth, his father was a prisoner of war. Looking back to that manger in Bethlehem, we see stepping from it a royalty which has governed the world. What a conquest, what a history is His. It is told in one of the apocryphal books that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the earth stopped on its axis, and movement upon it suddenly ceased. A great light, an ineffable joy, had come upon the world, and that light, that joy, eighteen crowded, busy centuries has not diminished.—Dr. H. C. Potter on Christmas day.

## Pleasantries.

A farmer was asked why he did not take the newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."—Sentinel.

Many a sweet girl, with tender loving eyes, has wept away the moments of love's young dream, while the young man who was to tell her all about it is pleading with the livery stable man, trying to hire four dollars' worth of horse and buggy for a dollar and a half.—Experienced Paragrapher.

An exquisite, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket-office window of a railway-station last week, and inquired: "Must I—aw take a ticket for a puppy?" He was naturally both surprised and annoyed when the ticket seller answered, in a slightly bewildered tone, after a moment's reflection: "No, you can travel as an ordinary passenger."

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife soon after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' serenade by the "Calathumpian" band, in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus: "I say, poyes, you ought to be ashamed mit yourselfs to be making all dis noise ven dar vas somebody dead here soon."

On a railway line, recently a passenger stopped the conductor, and asked, "Why does not the train run faster?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get off and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, settling back in the seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting around the station two or three hours."

A man who was trying to sell rather a dismal residence, boasted that it commanded a view of the railway station. "But that doesn't make it any more pleasant," said the party who was expected to purchase it. "Oh! yes, it does," replied the owner, confidently. "It makes it gay here. You can stand on this stoop, and see everybody that misses the train."







## General News.

## HOME.

Ten thousand men marched to City Hall, Boston, on the 19th inst., and demanded labor for the unemployed. The procession was orderly, but some of their banners bore inflammatory inscriptions such as, "On the employment of labor depends the safety of the Republic, for hunger knows no law." The Mayor received their address, but said he was unable to help them. He advised them to petition the Council. The crowd then quietly dispersed.

Gold closed on Saturday at 101½ to 101¾, the lowest since the war, and a dispatch to the Press, dated Washington, January 20th, says: "A private letter received here to-day from a prominent banker in New York, states that the tendency of financial operations is such, that it would not be surprising at any moment for the New York banks to resume specie payment. It says that all that is now asked is to let matters rest as they are, and not interfere with existing legislation. It was stated at the Treasury Department yesterday that everything now tended to absolute resumption on the day designated in the Sherman act."

## FOREIGN.

It is said that an insurrection has broken out in Thessaly.

London, January 20th.—The Cleopatra obelisk passed Margate at half-past four o'clock this afternoon. All hands are well. The weather is fine, and the obelisk is expected to arrive in the Thames at midnight.

King Humbert, successor to Victor Emanuel, took the oath on Saturday last, and the occasion was one of great solemnity. In his speech, he thoroughly upholds Italian unity, and says he will maintain the policy of his father.

The latest despatches from the East, say that the announcement of the suspension of hostilities was premature. It seems certain that the Turks have abandoned Adrianople, and that the Russians have entered it. Before leaving the place the Turks destroyed all the provisions and ammunition. The flight of the people from Roumelia has assumed colossal proportions. In regard to the treaty of peace, "The Daily Telegraph's" correspondent at Pera says: The negotiations have begun. It is stated that the Turkish plenipotentiaries have been instructed that they may offer to make Batoum a free port, cede territory on the Asian frontier nearly as far as Kars and dismantle the fortifications of Kars and Erzeroum. They may also propose the following programme for discussion by a European conference: The Balkans to be considered the southern limit of Bulgaria, Roumania to be independent, the Dardanelles to be open to men-of-war of all nations, and the settlement of the Montenegrin and Servian questions to be temporarily deferred. Difficulties have already arisen. It is reported that Russia has demanded that Adrianople be included in Bulgaria, also the cession of Batoum and the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian and Turkish men-of-war only.

## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 19th, 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$4.75@5.00
" Extra Family.....	6.25@6.50
" Fancy.....	7.75@8.75
Rye.....	3.375@3.50
Corn meal.....	3.10@3.20
Buckwheat meal.....	2.40@2.60
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.40@1.45
" Red.....	1.35@1.37
Rye.....	68@73
Corn, Yellow.....	56@58
" White.....	53@56
Oats.....	36@37
Barley.....	85@1.00
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	7½@7½
" Refined cut loaf.....	10½@10½
" " crushed.....	10@10½
" powdered.....	9½@10
" granulated.....	9½@9½
" A.....	9½@10
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	154@154
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	15@154
" Lagayra.....gold.....	10½@10½
" Java.....gold.....	214@214
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	11.75@12.25
Dried Beef.....	13@14
Sugar cured Hams.....	104@11
Lard.....	7½@8
Butter, Roll extra.....	19@21
Butter, Roll Common.....	16@17
" Prints, extra.....	30@33
" Common.....	26@29
" Grease.....	6@7½
Eggs.....	16@18
SEEDS, Clover.....	7.50@8.50
Timothy.....	1.45@1.48
Flax.....	1.42@1.55
PLASTER, White.....	3.00@3.25
Blue.....	2.87@3.00

## A. C. YATES &amp; CO.

Their New House for Children's and Boys' Clothing now open—A Fine Establishment at 626 Chestnut Street.

Messrs. A. C. Yates & Co., proprietors of the large clothing establishment at the Ledger building, in order to meet the increasing demands made upon them, and to secure greater facilities, have taken possession of the large four-story building, No. 626 Chestnut street, only a few doors from their other house. For a number of weeks past workmen have been engaged in making the necessary alterations to the new building, preparatory to fitting it up for the exclusive sale of children's and boys' clothing, and the alterations having been completed, the new branch house was formally opened a few days ago for the first time.

The building has been especially adapted for the display and sale of children's and boys' clothing, and has been furnished in elegant style, making it one of the most attractive establishments in town. The first floor, which extends a depth of two hundred feet, with a width of fifty feet, has been very tastefully fitted up. The walls and ceilings have been richly frescoed, and along the sides in panels have been painted in colors such mottoes as, "One Price, No Deviation;" "Small Profits, Quick Sales;" "Latest Styles, Elegant Designs;" "We Study to Please;" "We Originate our Styles;" "School Suits;" "Our Customers are Our Advertisers;" and other appropriate mottoes.

The floor has been nicely carpeted all over, while from the ceiling a number of chandeliers in attractive designs of blue and gold are pendant to give a flood of light at night. There are four rows of counters and tables extending the whole length of the new store, with wide aisles between, and every accommodation, in the way of retiring rooms for trying on garments, waiting-rooms, etc., has been carefully looked after. A long skylight gives a very desirable light for the examination of goods, and every facility has been arranged for the convenience of customers.

The new clothing house has been arranged especially for the benefit of ladies who wish to secure first-class clothing for their children. There are no stairways to climb, and the goods are so systematically displayed that purchasers will have every advantage of making a thorough examination.

The low prices at which Messrs. A. C. Yates & Co.

have heretofore sold their clothing, will continue in force at the new building, and a fresh stock of made-up goods in great variety will always be kept on hand. The success which has crowned the main house at the Ledger Building will be sure to be achieved in this new departure of the popular clothing store. Working rooms for making alterations, etc., will be located in the upper portion of the building.

S. ANNIE FROST has given us a new book, which can not fail to do good. She calls it *Almost a Man*, and it is a fit companion to *Almost a Woman*, issued last year, which met with so large a sale. American Tract Society, New York, publishes it. Price, \$1.00; postage, 8 cts. Depository, No. 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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In ST. NICHOLAS for December, the Grand Christmas Number, was begun a charming new

SERIAL STORY BY MISS ALCOCK.

"Under the Lilacs," illustrated by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, to continue during the year. This same Christmas number, of which one hundred thousand copies were printed, contained the opening chapters of

A "ROBINSON CRUSOE" STORY

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